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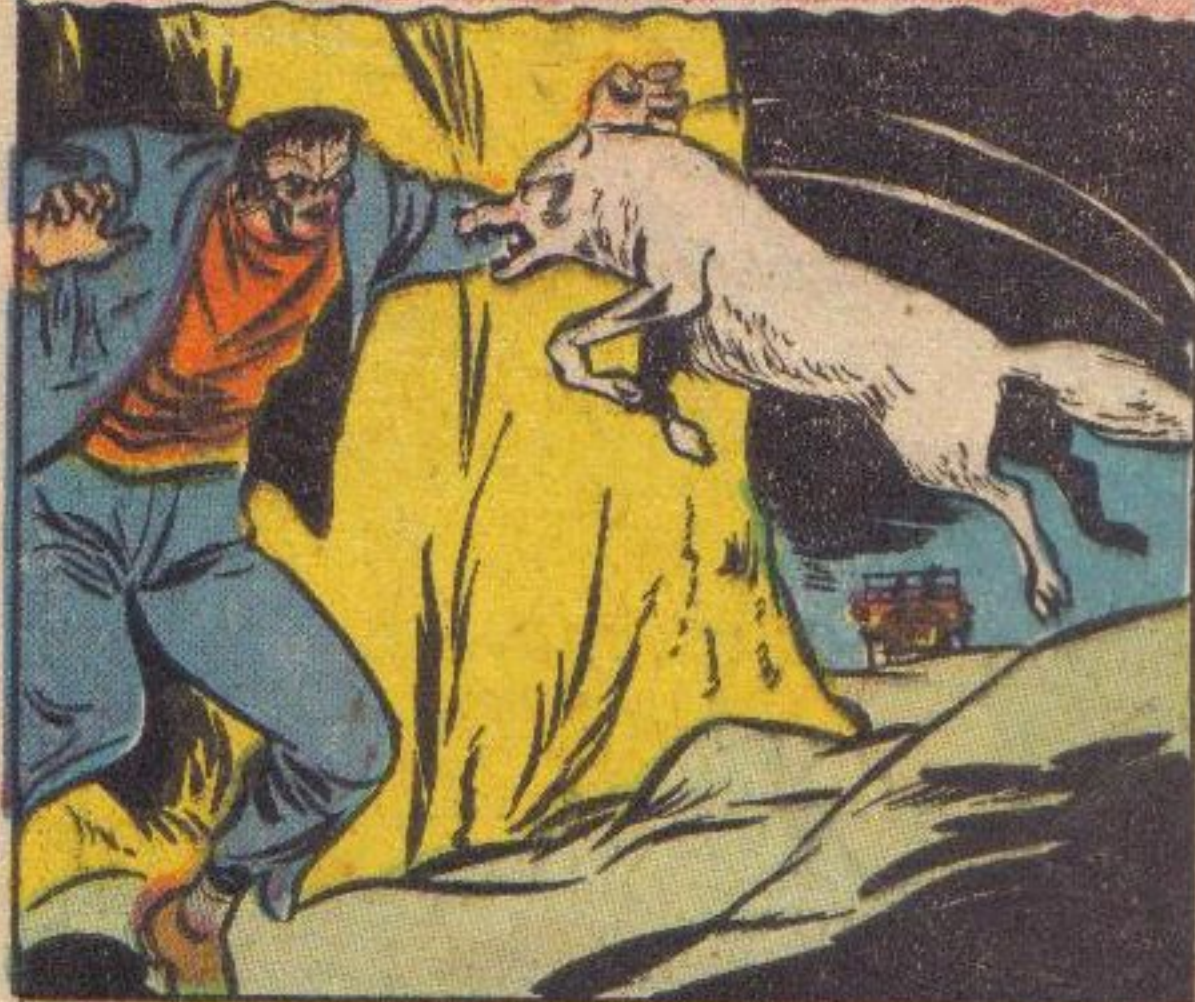
LIKE THE MONSTER HIMSELF, THIS THING HE HAD STUMBLED UPON WAS NEITHER BEAST NOR HUMAN, BUT BOTH. FOR ON IT WAS THE ...

MARK of the WEREWOLF!



ENDLESSLY WANDERING, THIRSTY, HUNGRY, THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER FINDS SOMETHING THAT WILL SATISFY HIS HUNGER. MEAT!

A WHITE WOLF! THE MONSTER CHARGES, BUT THE FOUR-FOOTED DEMON COMES TO MEET HIM!



THE WOLF RIPS, TEARS, BUT HANDS OF INCREDIBLE STRENGTH LIFT IT HIGH, AND SMASH IT TO EARTH...



IT SHOULD BE DEAD-- BUT IT LIVES...

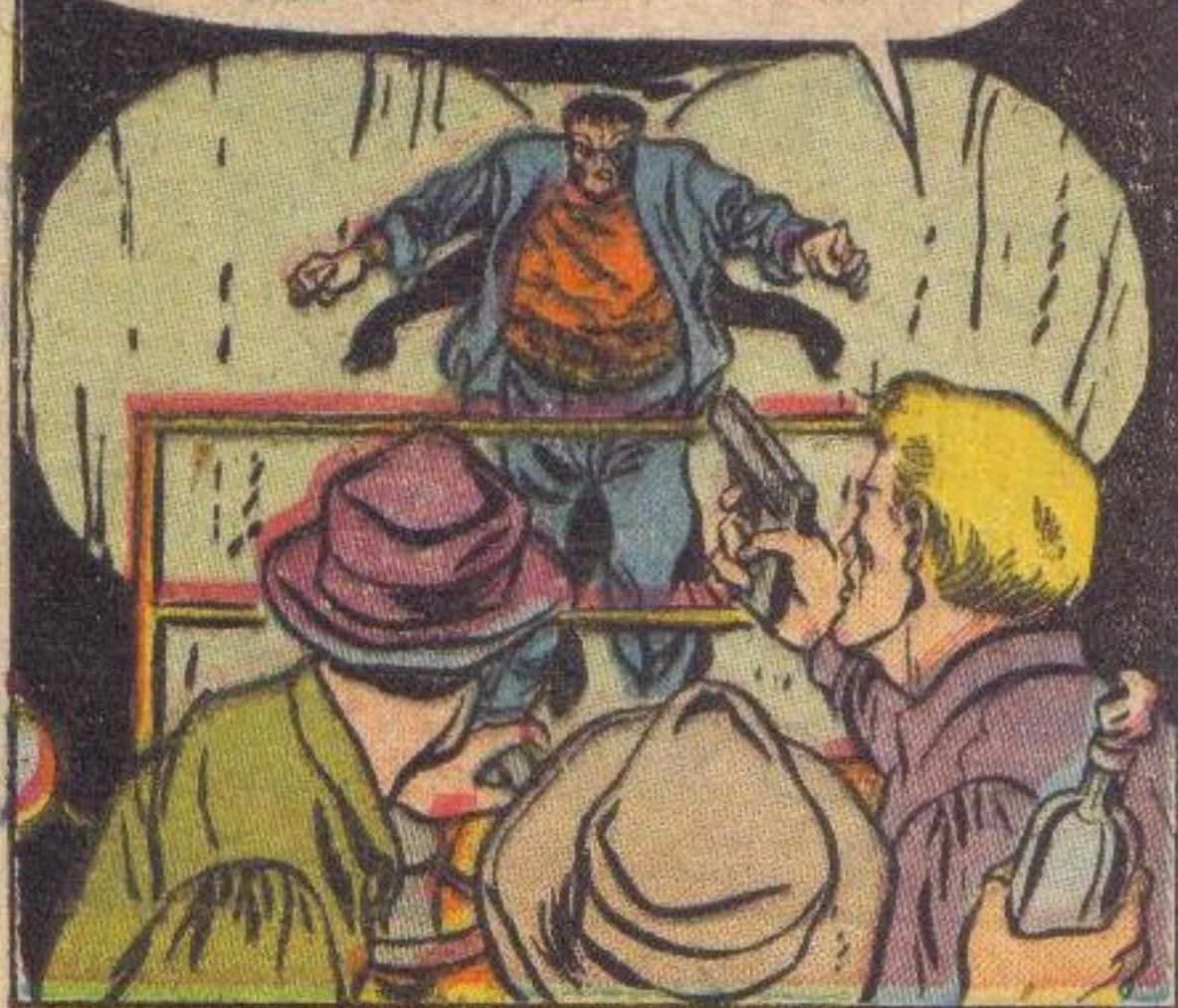


JEFF! THERE HE IS!

THE END OF OUR CHASE! LIGHT THE WICKS ON THE FIRE BOMBS!



THERE'S NO TIME FOR THE BOMBS! HERE HE COMES! HE ...



AND BEFORE THREE DAZED MEN TAKE ACCOUNT OF BRUISED BONES AND SCRAPED SKIN, THE MONSTER IS GONE!

THAT IS THE DIRTIEST TRICK I'VE EVER SEEN... TO CATCH THREE MEN OFF GUARD!

COME ON... TURN OVER THE JEEP! WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!



THE SEARCH IN THE DARK IS FUTILE! THEN, AT DAYBREAK, THE MEN STOP AT A RANCH!

SO YOU'RE DON LUIS SANTIAGO! I'VE HEARD OF YOU! WE'RE HUNTING A...

WHATEVER YOU HUNT, YOU WILL NOT FIND HERE! I'M SORRY, SENORS! MY SON JUAN WILL SEE YOU OUT...



SEE US OUT? DON LUIS, YOU ARE JOKING! WE'VE COME A LONG WAY TO...

PERHAPS YOU DID NOT UNDERSTAND MY FATHER, SENOR! YOU ARE NOT WELCOME HERE!



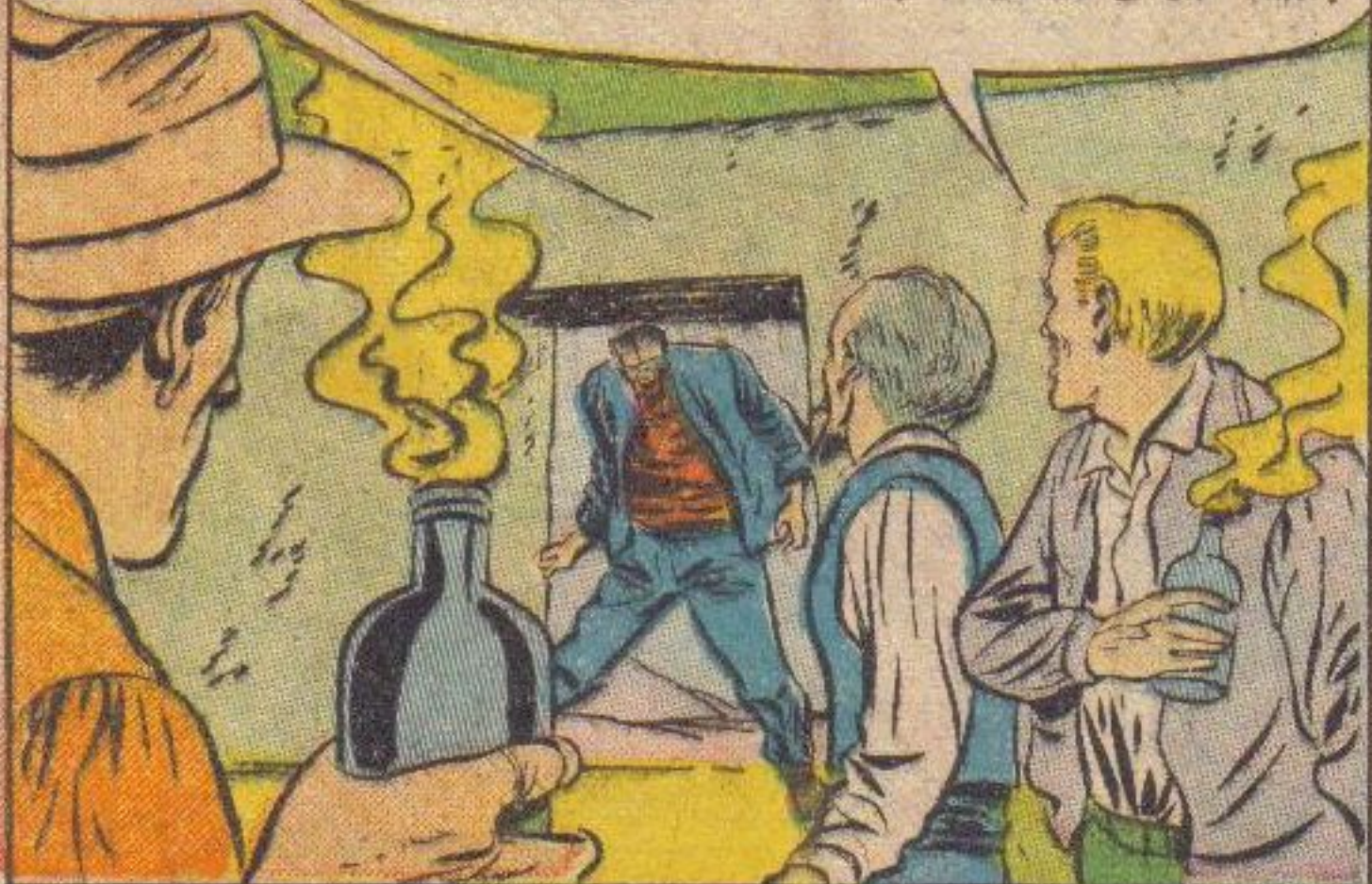
DON LUIS! SOMETHING... IT IS A MONSTER! COMING TOWARD THE RANCHO! IT... IT...

THE MONSTER! DON LUIS! THAT IS THE MONSTER WE ARE SEARCHING FOR! BULLETS WON'T STOP HIM! BUT FIRE WILL! LET US HANDLE HIM!



MADRE MIO! HE... HE IS HORRIBLE!

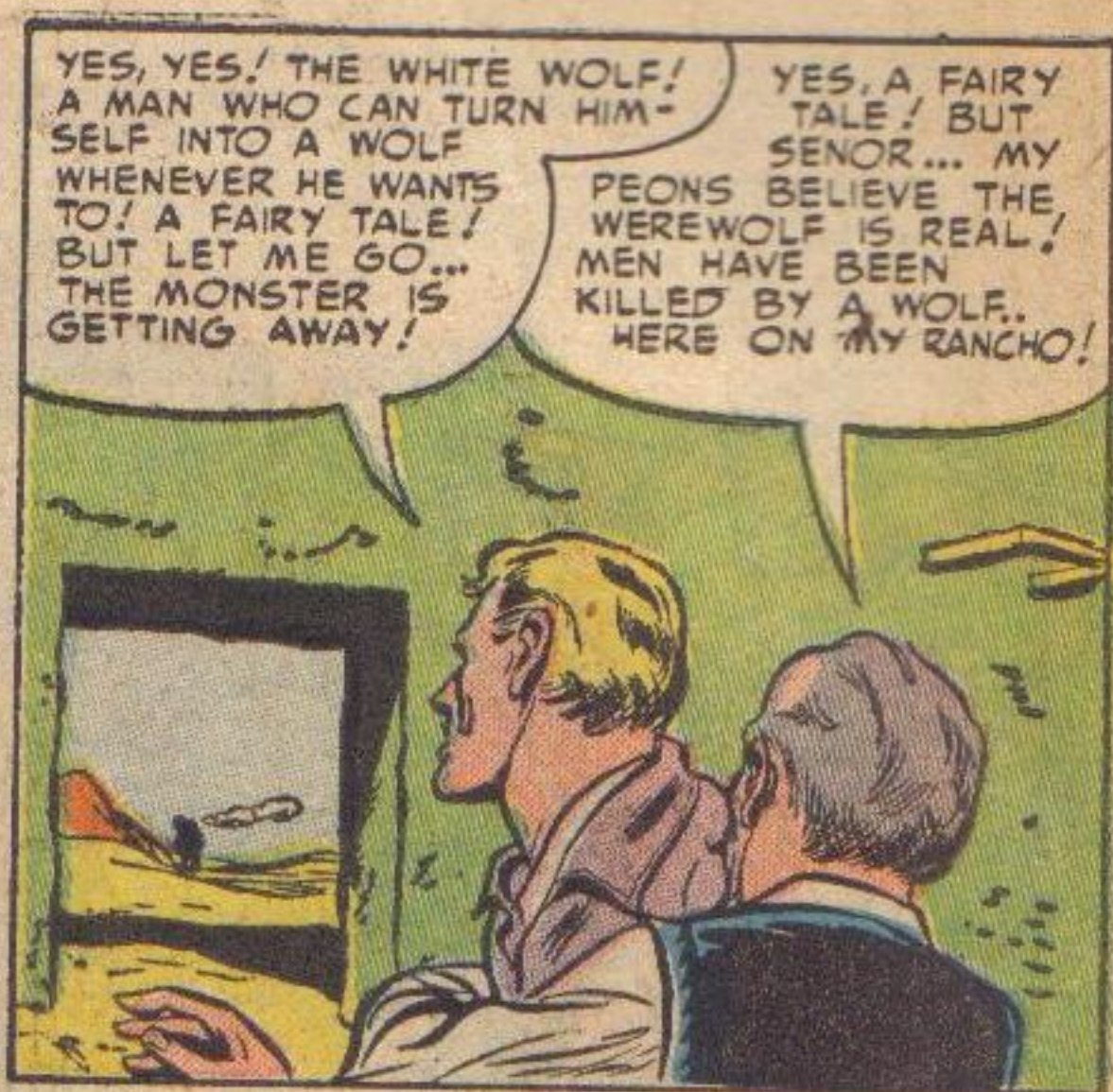
HE'S ALL THAT AND MORE! BUT WE CAN HANDLE HIM! I LEARNED TO MAKE THESE IN THE ARMY! GREASE AND GASOLINE! IF THEY STOP A TANK, THEY'LL STOP HIM!





OKAY! COME ON!
HE'S HURT! WE
MAY NEVER GET
A CHANCE LIKE
THIS AGAIN!

NO, SENOR! WAIT! WE OWE
YOU A DEBT OF GRATITUDE! I
MUST TELL YOU ABOUT THE
WEREWOLF! HAVE YOU HEARD
OF EL LOBO BLANCO?



YES, YES! THE WHITE WOLF!
A MAN WHO CAN TURN HIM-
SELF INTO A WOLF
WHENEVER HE WANTS
TO! A FAIRY TALE!
BUT LET ME GO...
THE MONSTER IS
GETTING AWAY!

YES, A FAIRY
TALE! BUT
SENOR... MY
PEONS BELIEVE THE
WEREWOLF IS REAL!
MEN HAVE BEEN
KILLED BY A WOLF.
HERE ON MY RANCHO!



I THOUGHT YOU
WERE HERE TO
INVESTIGATE THE
WEREWOLF! WE
ARE AN OLD
AND RESPECTED
FAMILY THAT
IS WHY I
TURNED YOU
AWAY

AND NOW,
YOU MAY
GO, SENORS!
GO AND
CAPTURE
THAT
MONSTER
ADIOS!



WEREWOLVES!
HOGWASH! AND
WHILE THEY TALKED
THE MONSTER
ESCAPED! IT'S
ALMOST AS IF
THE OLD BOY
WANTED HIM
TO GET
AWAY!

I WAS
THINKING
THAT, TOO!
BUT WHY?
ALL THAT
TALK ABOUT
WEREWOLVES
WAS JUST
NONSENSE..



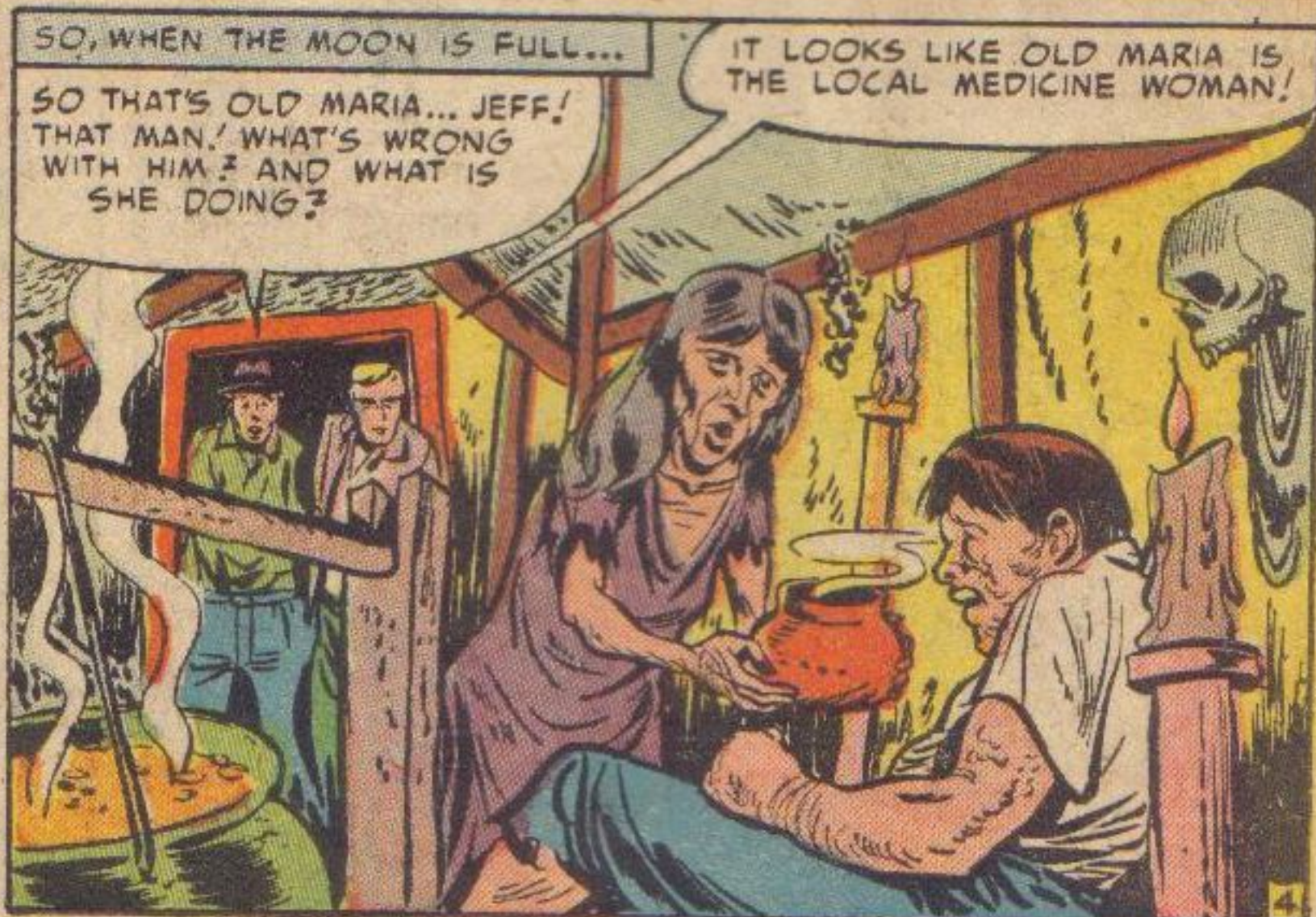
NO, SENOR, IT WAS NOT! LISTEN TO
ME! THE WEREWOLF IS REAL! AND
DON LUIS KNOWS!
SENORS, WE NEED
HELP, AND WE
HAVE BEEN
FORBIDDEN
TO GO TO
THE POLICE!

FORBIDDEN?
THIS GETS
CRAZIER AND
CRAZIER! WHY?



I CANNOT SPEAK
HERE! TONIGHT
I WILL TAKE
YOU TO OLD
MARIA! SHE
WILL EXPLAIN!

WE ARE
FOOLS FOR
LISTENING
BUT WE
WILL WAIT
FOR YOU
TONIGHT!



SO, WHEN THE MOON IS FULL...

SO THAT'S OLD MARIA... JEFF!
THAT MAN! WHAT'S WRONG
WITH HIM? AND WHAT IS
SHE DOING?

IT LOOKS LIKE OLD MARIA IS
THE LOCAL MEDICINE WOMAN!

AH, YOU MUST BE THE SENORS PEDRO SENT TO ME! HE WOULD NOT COME NEAR ME... ALL THE PEONS FEAR ME EVEN THOUGH I CURE THEIR ILLS... AS I CURE THIS FOOL WHO STEPPED ON A RATTLESNAKE'S NEST!



YOU COME TO HEAR OF THE WEREWOLF! I WILL TELL YOU! A WEREWOLF ROAMS THESE LANDS! IT KILLS AND KILLS AND...



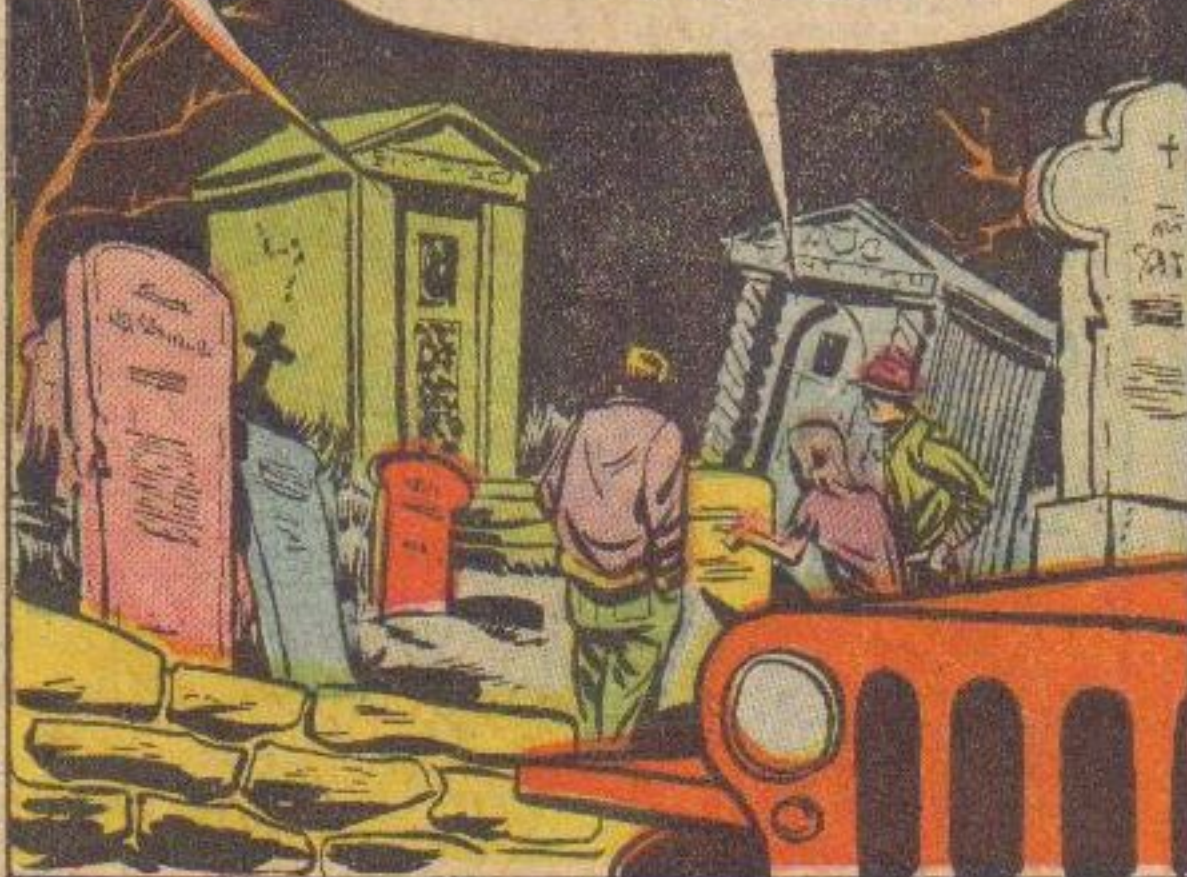
NO! WE DON'T CARE ABOUT WEREWOLF NONSENSE! TELL US ABOUT THE SANTIAGO FAMILY! WHAT ARE THEY HIDING?

THE WEREWOLF AND THE SANTIAGOS ARE THE SAME STORY! THEY ARE ACCURSED! ONCE IN EACH THREE GENERATIONS A WEREWOLF IS BORN OF THEIR BLOOD! COME... I WILL PROVE IT TO YOU!



WHAT WILL THIS CEMETERY PROVE?

THE BURIAL GROUND OF THE SANTIAGO FAMILY! LOOK... ESTABAN SANTIAGO... KILLED IN EIGHTEEN NINETY BY A SILVER BULLET!



AND THIS ONE... JUAREZ SANTIAGO STABBED BY A KNIFE OF SILVER! ALWAYS SILVER BECAUSE ONLY SILVER CAN KILL A WEREWOLF!

BOSH! THERE ARE NO...

JEFF!



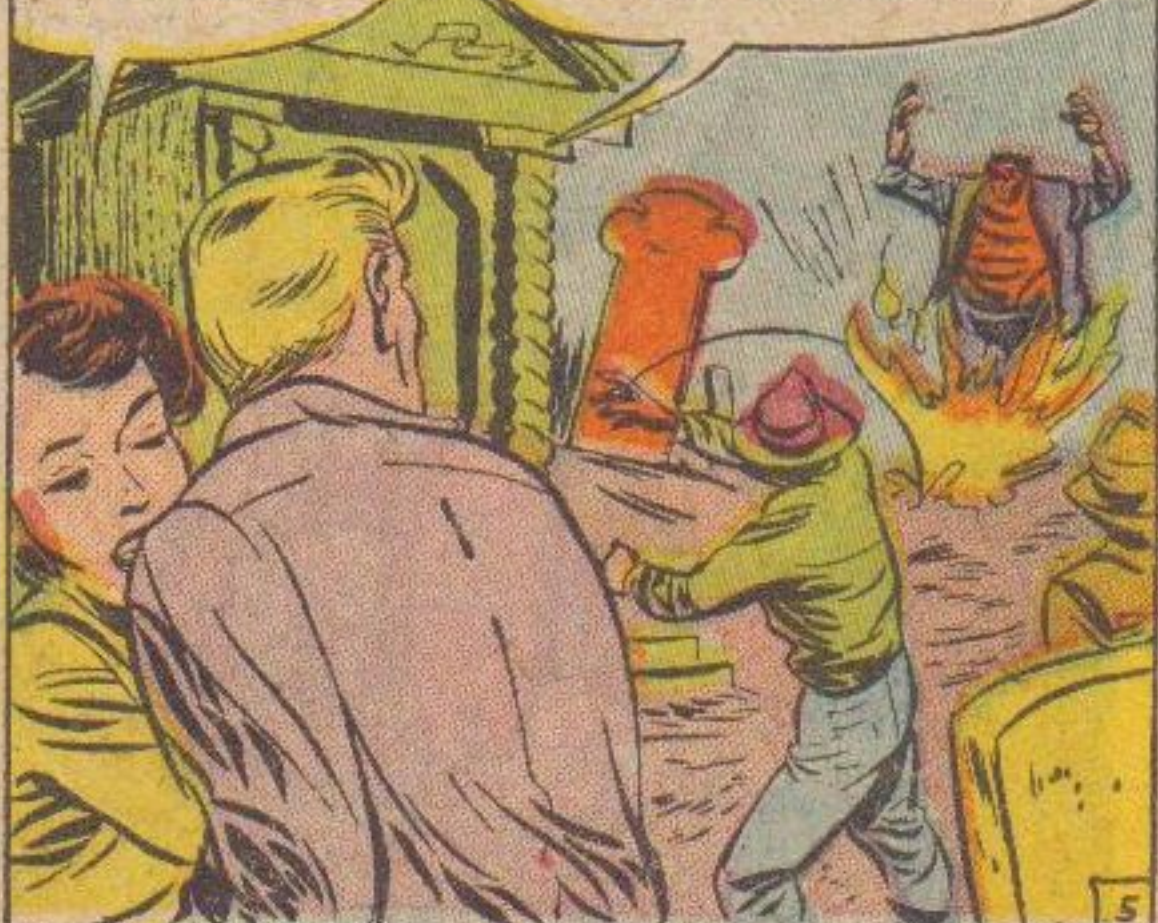
THE MONSTER... CHASING SANTIAGO'S DAUGHTER!

GET SOME FIRE BOMBS LIT!



SENOR! THANK GOODNESS YOU WERE NEAR! I WAS WALKING AND...

IN A GRAVEYARD IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT! FINE PLACE FOR A WALK!





MORNING, AND THE THREE MEN START THEIR SEARCH FOR THE MONSTER! ALL THOUGHTS OF A "WEREWOLF" ARE GONE... BUT...



DON LUIS! THAT MAN... HIS THROAT! WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE "WEREWOLF," BUT I DO NOT BELIEVE IN WERE-WOLVES! SOMETHING ELSE...

HE'S BEEN BADLY MAULED... BUT THOSE TEETH MARKS ON HIS THROAT... THEY LOOK HUMAN!

Y-YOU'RE RIGHT! THIS MIGHT BE THE WORK OF...



YOU SAY THIS MAN WAS KILLED DURING THE NIGHT! TELL ME, DON LUIS... WHERE IS ANGELA, YOUR DAUGHTER? LAST NIGHT AFTER SHE LEFT US... WHERE DID SHE GO?

ANGELA? SURELY YOU DO NOT THINK... "YOU CANNOT THINK THAT SHE DID THIS! THAT SHE IS... IT IS TOO FANTASTIC!"

A MAN HAS BEEN KILLED! I ASKED YOU A QUESTION! YOU STILL HAVEN'T ANSWERED!

ANSWER! YOU BROUGHT THIS UPON US! THE MONSTER YOU CHASED HERE KILLED THIS MAN! YOU ACCUSE MY DAUGHTER! THEN I ACCUSE YOU!



YOU ARE THE MURDERER! YOU DROVE THE MONSTER HERE! HE DID THIS!

SO! IT'S LIKE THAT, EH? OKAY! WE CAME HERE TO HUNT THE MONSTER! WE'LL GET HIM! AFTER THAT WE'LL BE BACK... TO GET THE TRUTH FROM YOU... OR ANGELA!

LATER!

THIS IS HIS TRAIL, ALL RIGHT!

THERE! UP THERE! THERE HE IS!

COME! WE'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW HIM ON FOOT! STRAP SOME FIRE BOMBS TO YOUR BELTS!



FEARING THE FIRE BOMBS, THE MONSTER FLEES, BUT...

WE'VE GOT HIM! HE'S HEADING INTO THAT DEAD-END CANYON! ONE OF US CAN KEEP HIM IN THERE WHILE THE OTHERS...

HEY! SOME-ONE'S SHOOTING AT US FROM ABOVE!



LOOK! THE MONSTER! HE'S... HE'S GETTING AWAY!

THAT'S PROBABLY THE IDEA! MY GUESS IS THAT SOMEBODY WANTS HIM TO GET AWAY! THERE ISN'T MUCH WE CAN DO TO STOP HIM NOW!



FOR AN HOUR THE THREE MEN ARE PINNED DOWN! THEN THE FIRING STOPS! FURIOUS, THEY GO BACK TO THE RANCHO...

ANOTHER ONE! WITH HIS THROAT TORN, JUST LIKE THE FIRST!

YEAH, BUT WE'LL GET TO THAT LATER! ALL RIGHT, SANTIAGO, WHICH ONE OF YOU WAS SHOOTING AT US UP IN THE HILLS? YOU OR YOUR SON?

IT IS YOUR FAULT! YOU BROUGHT THE MONSTER HERE!



ONE OF YOU THINKS WE'RE GETTING TOO CLOSE TO THE TRUTH! OR MAYBE YOU JUST WANT THE MONSTER TO TAKE THE BLAME ... FOR WHAT ANGELA IS DOING! WHICH OF YOU SHOT AT US?

ANGELA! THEN YOU REALLY THINK ... WE WILL NOT... NOT ANSWER INSANE ACCUSATIONS!



YES YOU WILL! EACH TIME A MAN DIES SHE'S NOT AROUND! I'M NOT SURE OF ANYTHING YET, BUT I WANT TO TALK TO HER! WHERE IS SHE?

I DO NOT KNOW! ANGELA HAS DONE NOTHING! SHE ...

PERHAPS SHE HAS! IT IS TIME, DON LUIS! MEN DIE ONE BY ONE... LIKE THIS! IT IS TIME THE WEREWOLF WAS DESTROYED!



FIND HER, SENOR... AND KILL HER WITH THIS **SILVER BULLET!** SHE MUST BE DESTROYED! I SAW HER RIDING TOWARD THE HILLS!

KEEP IT! I WANT TO TALK TO HER, NOT KILL HER! WE'LL FIND HER!

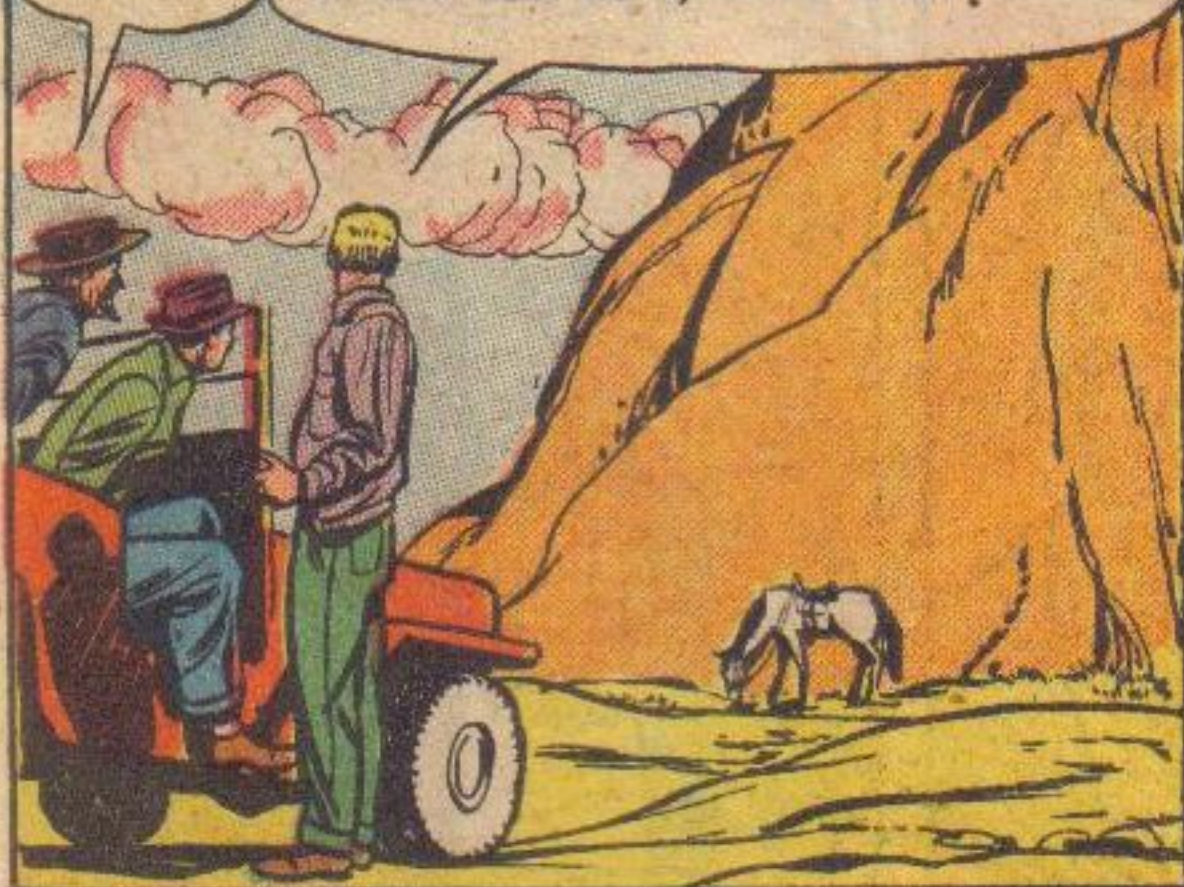
THEN WE WILL GO WITH YOU! YOU WILL SEE THAT YOU ARE ACTING LIKE A MADMAN!



SO AGAIN A TRAIL IS PICKED UP, FOLLOWED...

ANGELA'S HORSE!

DAVIS, GO UP TO THE SLOPE FROM THE LEFT. WARD, TAKE THE RIGHT. IF YOU SEE HER, SING OUT!



BUT IT IS LARKIN WHO FINDS ANGELA... AND

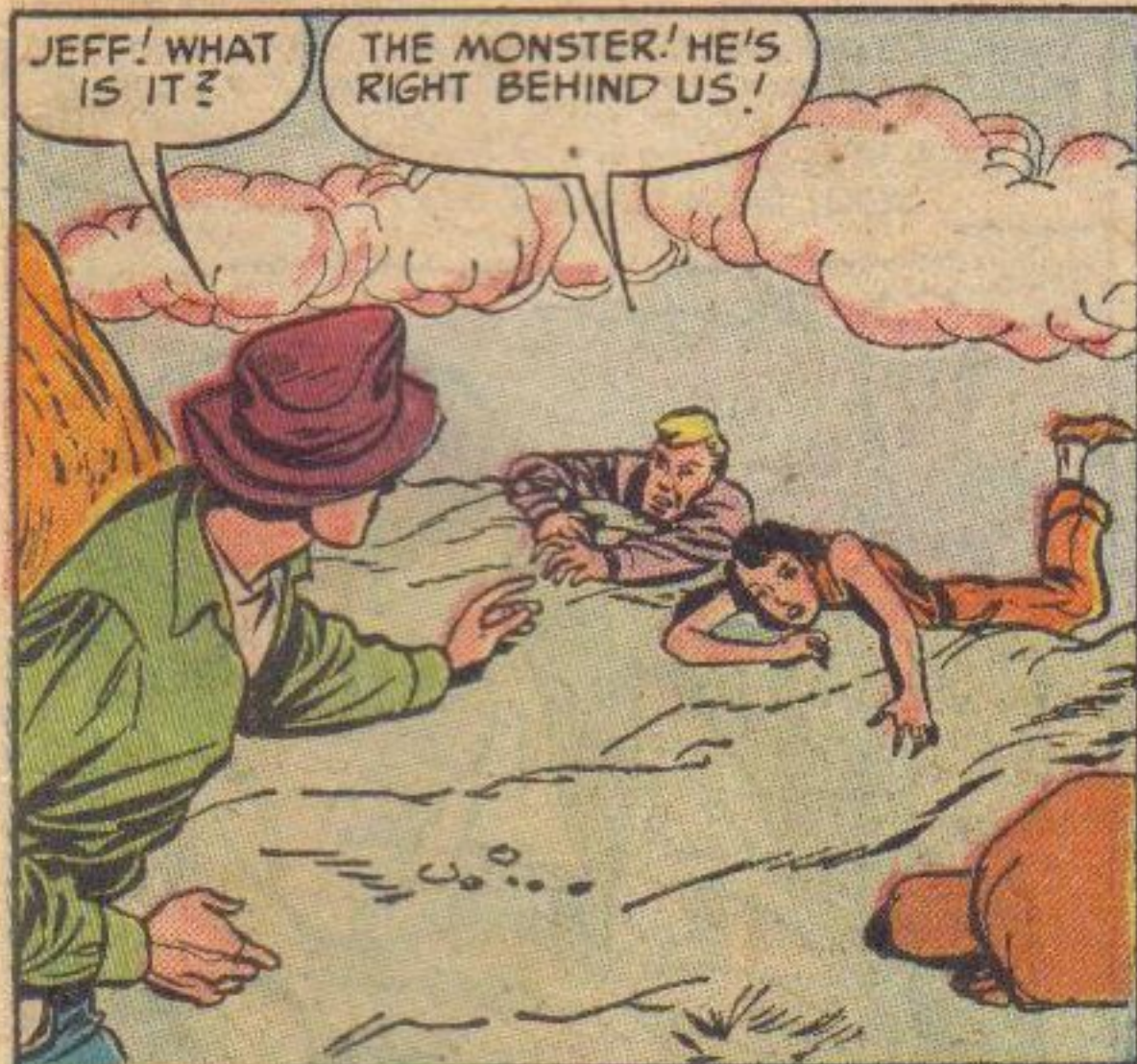
SENOR LARKIN!

ANGELA! CLIMB!

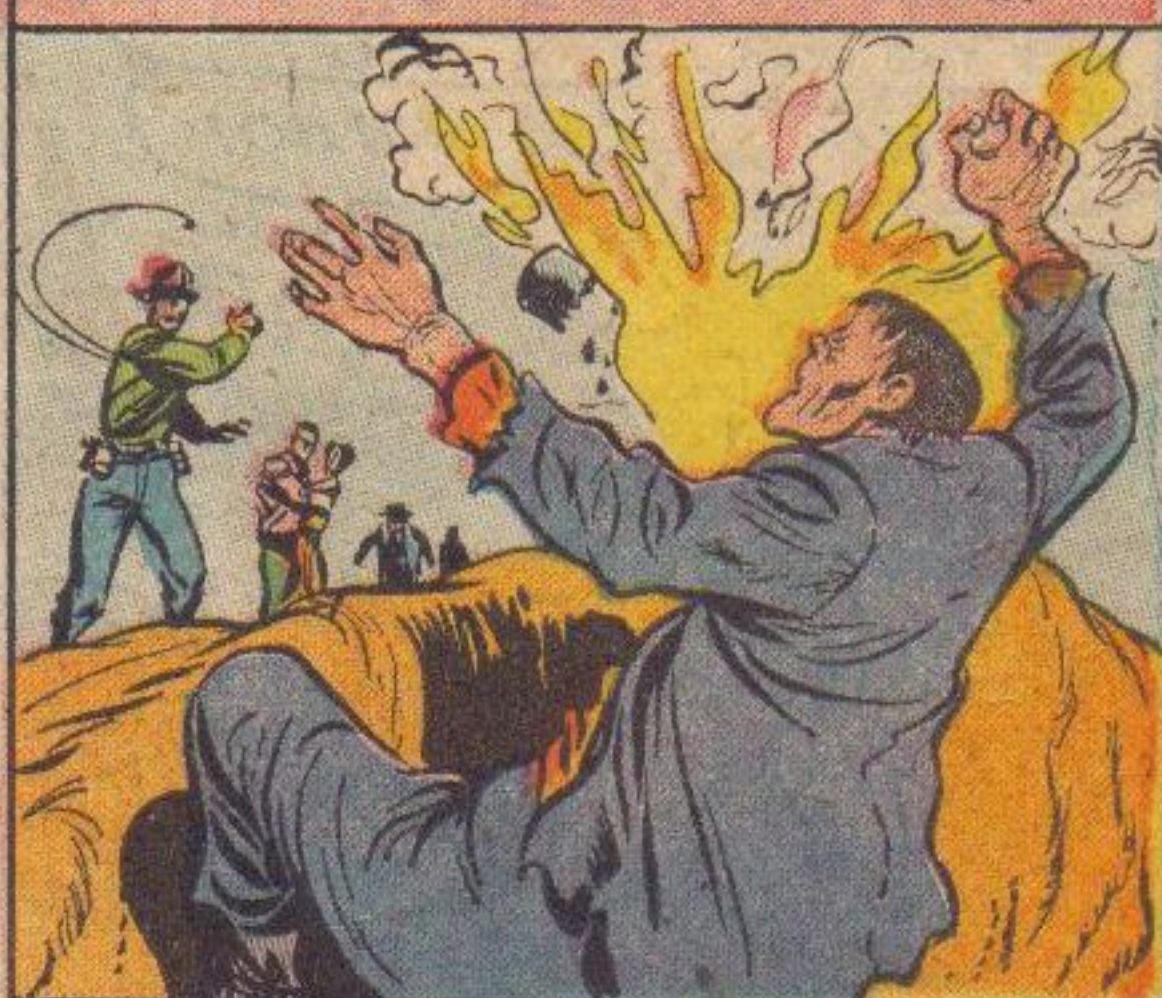


JEFF! WHAT IS IT?

THE MONSTER! HE'S RIGHT BEHIND US!

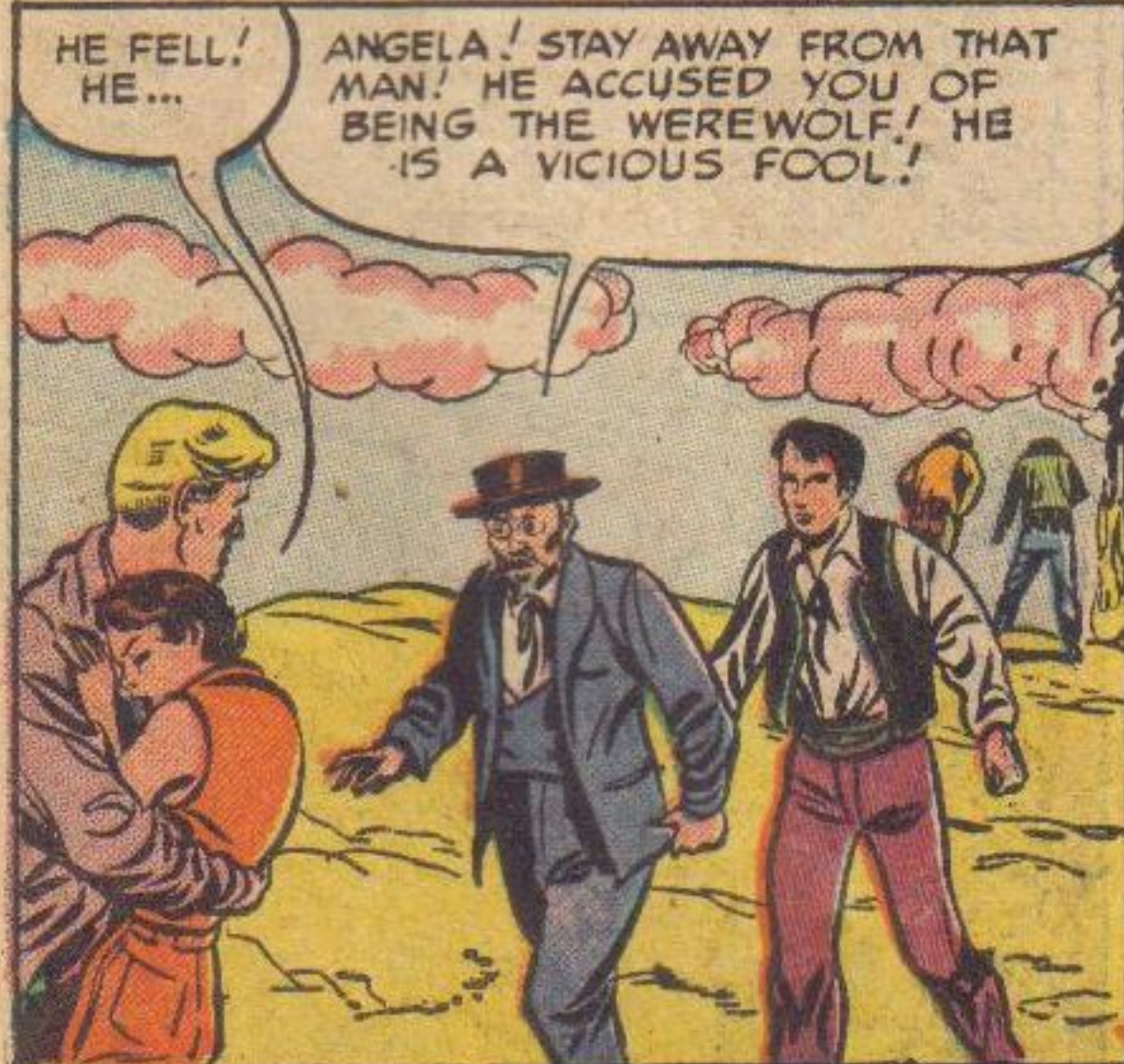


THE FIRE BOMB BURSTS RIGHT BEFORE THE MONSTER'S FACE--HE LOSES HIS GRIP...



HE FELL! HE...

ANGELA! STAY AWAY FROM THAT MAN! HE ACCUSED YOU OF BEING THE WEREWOLF! HE IS A VICIOUS FOOL!



A FOOL, AM I? I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT ENOUGH OF THIS!

SO! NOW IT IS VIOLENCE, EH, SENOR? MAKE ONE GESTURE AND.. IT IS TIME YOU WERE TAUGHT MANNERS! IT...



JUAN CHARGES AT LARKIN! BUT SUDDENLY... HE STOPS!

NO! NO!



NOW! NOW I SEE THE WHOLE THING! NOW IT IS CLEAR TO ME!



JUST A MOMENT AGO, ANGELA WAS IN MY ARMS! BUT YOUR SON JUAN... WHEN HE CAME NEAR ME..



OLD MARIA GAVE ME THIS, AND I DIDN'T BELIEVE HER! WOLFBANE! A WEREWOLF COULDN'T COME NEAR THIS! ANGELA ISN'T THE WOLF... BUT... HERE, JAUN... CATCH!

NO! NO!



THERE! THERE'S YOUR KILLER... YOUR WERE-WOLF... OR A CRAZY MAN WHO THINKS HE'S A WEREWOLF AND IS KILLING JUST THE SAME! YOU KNEW IT, DIDN'T YOU, DON LUIS?



WATCH OUT! HE'S GETTING AWAY!



NO, SENOR! IN THE NAME OF MERCY, DO NOT SHOOT! IT IS TRUE! WE DID KNOW! IT WAS I WHO FIRED ON YOU TODAY! I WISHED THE MONSTER TO LIVE AND TAKE THE BLAME FOR JUAN'S SINS! BUT DON'T SHOOT!





WE'LL FIND HIM... HE COULDN'T HAVE GONE VERY FAR OUT OF SIGHT...

JEFF!
LOOK!



THAT WOLF! IT'S THE SAME ONE WE SAW THE OTHER NIGHT!

FASCINATED, HORRIFIED, THE HUMANS ABOVE WATCH A STRUGGLE OF MONSTERS! BUT IT HAS TO END...



JUAN! NO!
OH, NO!

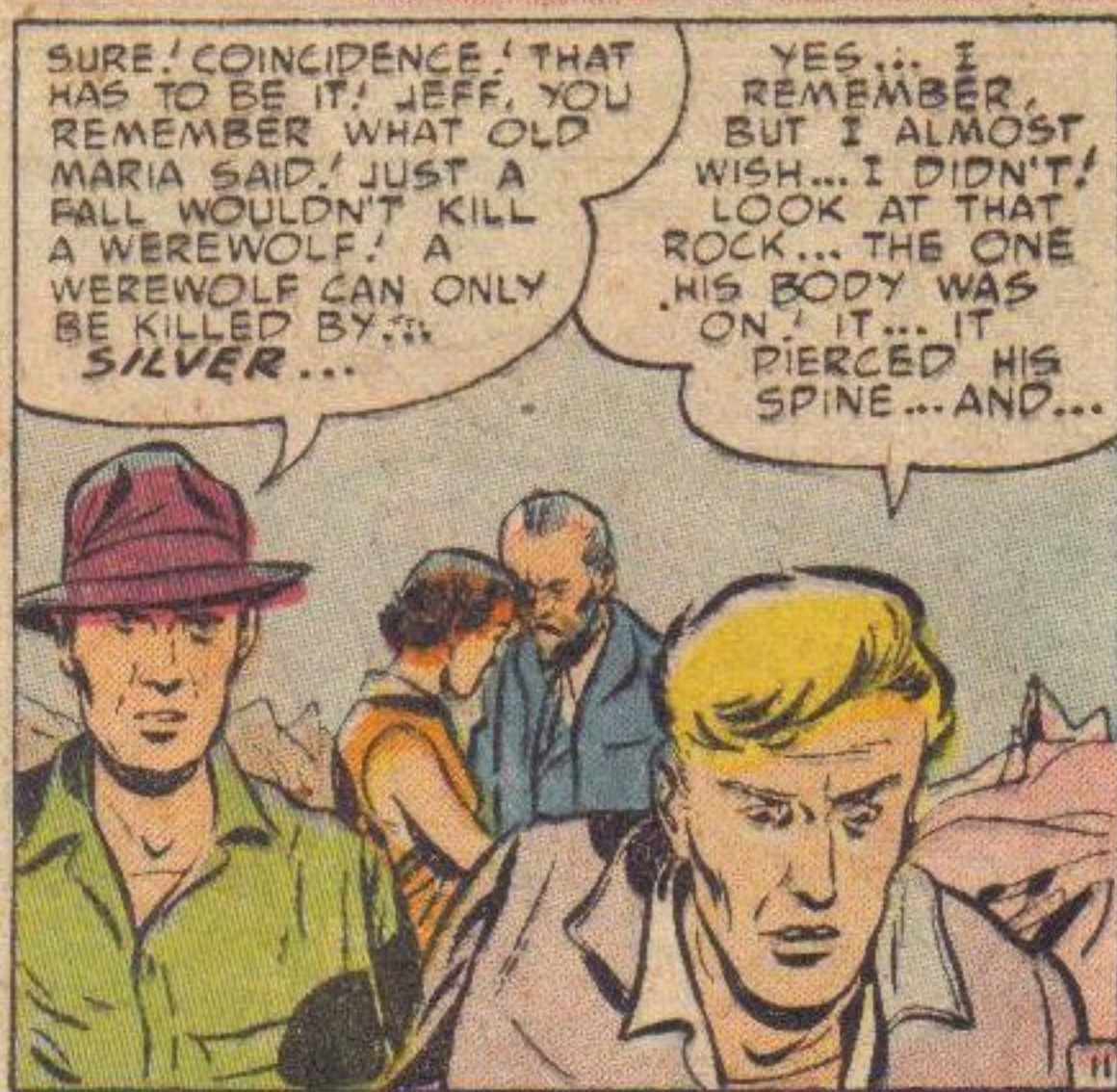


THAT'S JUAN'S VOICE!
BUT IT COULDN'T BE! IT COULDN'T!

THE MONSTER IS GONE BY THE TIME THE OTHERS CLAMBER TO THE BOTTOM... AND IN THE FADING LIGHT OF SUNDOWN, THEY FIND...



NO MATTER WHAT WE SAW OR THOUGHT, I DON'T BELIEVE IT! HE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN THAT WOLF! THE WOLF'S BODY MUST HAVE LANDED IN THE RIVER AND WASHED AWAY! JUAN MUST HAVE FALLEN HERE AT THE SAME TIME!



SURE! COINCIDENCE! THAT HAS TO BE IT! JEFF, YOU REMEMBER WHAT OLD MARIA SAID! JUST A FALL WOULDN'T KILL A WEREWOLF! A WEREWOLF CAN ONLY BE KILLED BY...
SILVER...

YES... I REMEMBER, BUT I ALMOST WISH... I DIDN'T! LOOK AT THAT ROCK... THE ONE HIS BODY WAS ON! IT... IT PIERCED HIS SPINE... AND...

THOSE STREAKS IN
THE ROCKS! THEY'RE
ORE! LOW GRADE,
BUT ORE! **SILVER**
ORE!

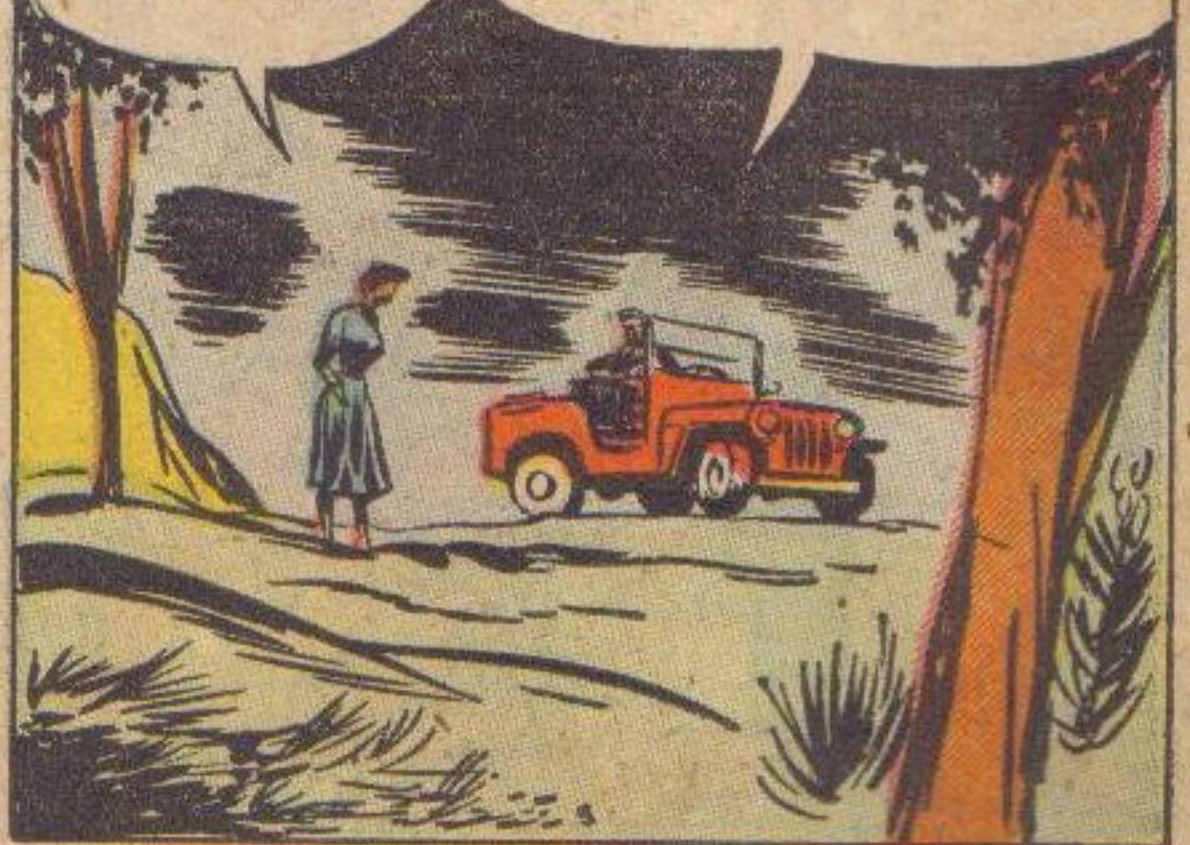
YES, SENOR, SILVER! IF
MY SON WAS THE... THE
WEREWOLF, THE SILVER
KILLED HIM! IT IS BEST
THAT IT END LIKE THIS!
BEST FOR HIM... AND
FOR THE WORLD!



LATER THAT NIGHT...

JEFF! HOW GOOD
TO SEE YOU!
WHERE HAVE
YOU BEEN?

TO TOWN, FILLING UP
THE JEEP WITH FIRE
BOMBS! WE STILL HAVE
THE MONSTER ON THE
LOOSE! CAN I DRIVE
YOU TO THE RANCHO?



THERE'S THE OLD CEMETERY!
JUAN WILL BE BURIED THERE...
THE LAST OF THE
SANTIAGOS...

AND WITH
HIM, THE
SANTIAGO
CURSE DIES!
PERHAPS IT...
LOOK!

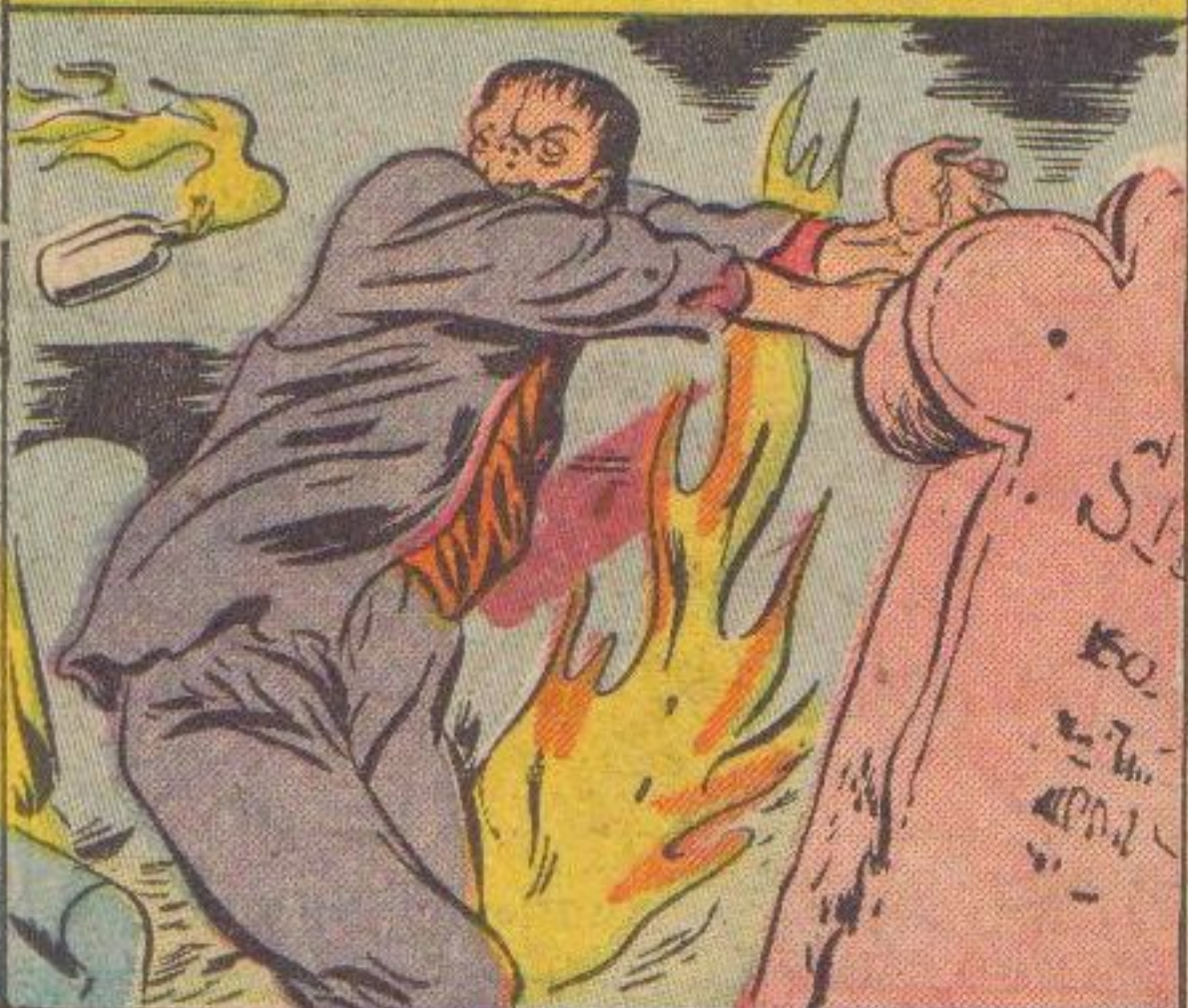


JEFF! LET'S
GET AWAY! I
DON'T WANT
YOU TO...

NO, ANGELA! I MUST
FIGHT HIM! NOW...
OR NEVER!



THE BURSTING FIRE BOMBS INFURIATE THE
MONSTER, AND HE HEADS INTO THE CEMETERY...

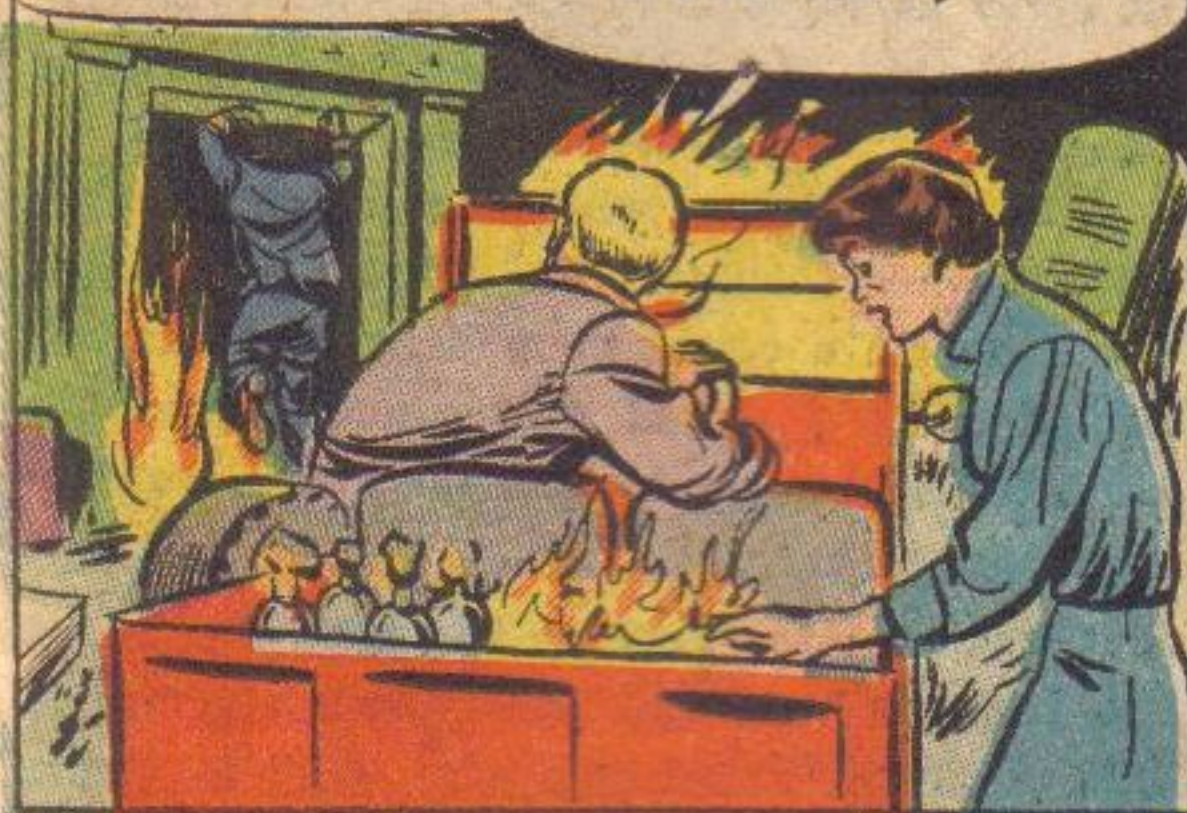


FOLLOW ME UP, ANGELA. IF I CAN HEAD
HIM INTO THAT OPEN TOMB, WE MAY
HAVE HIM!

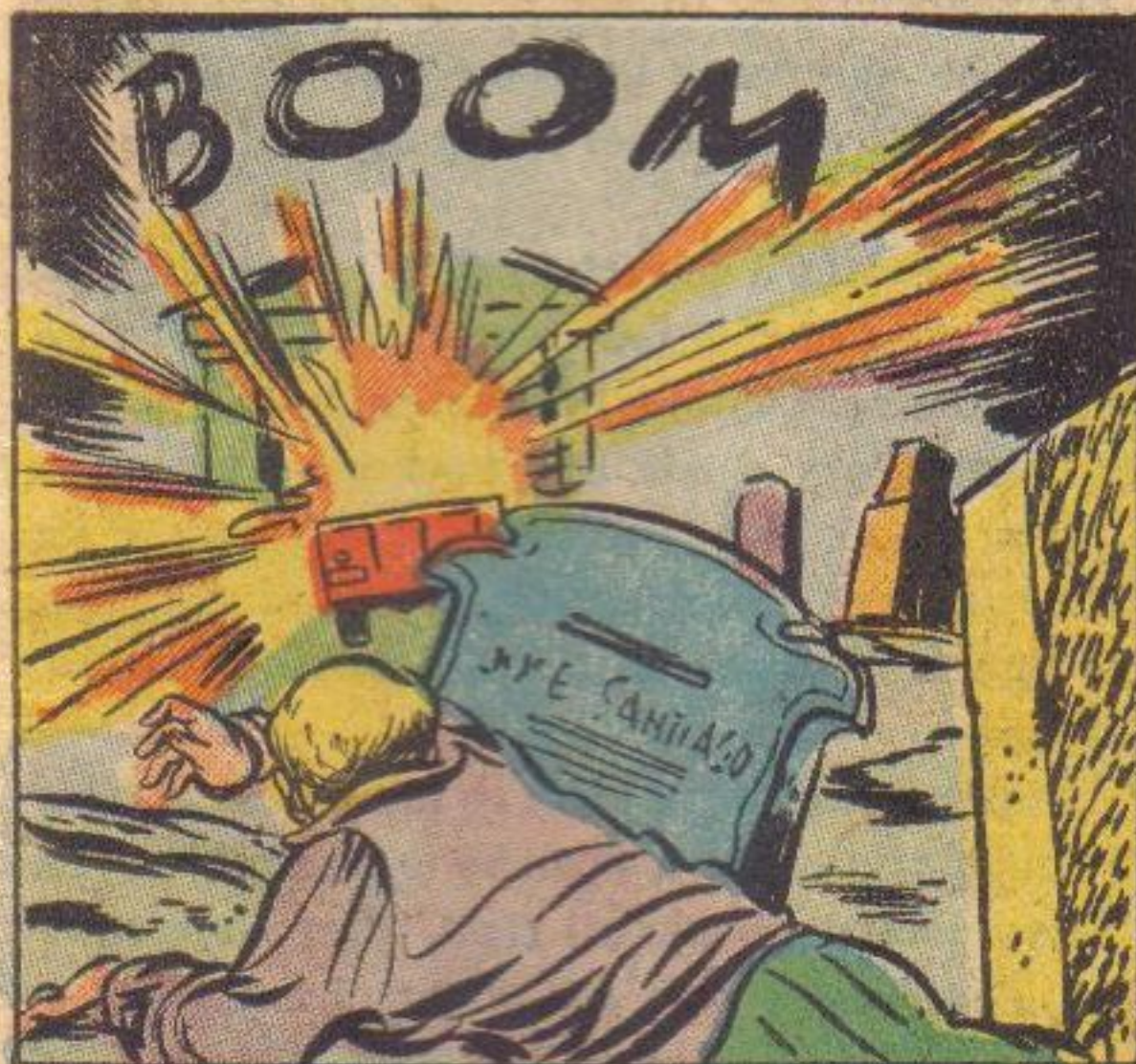
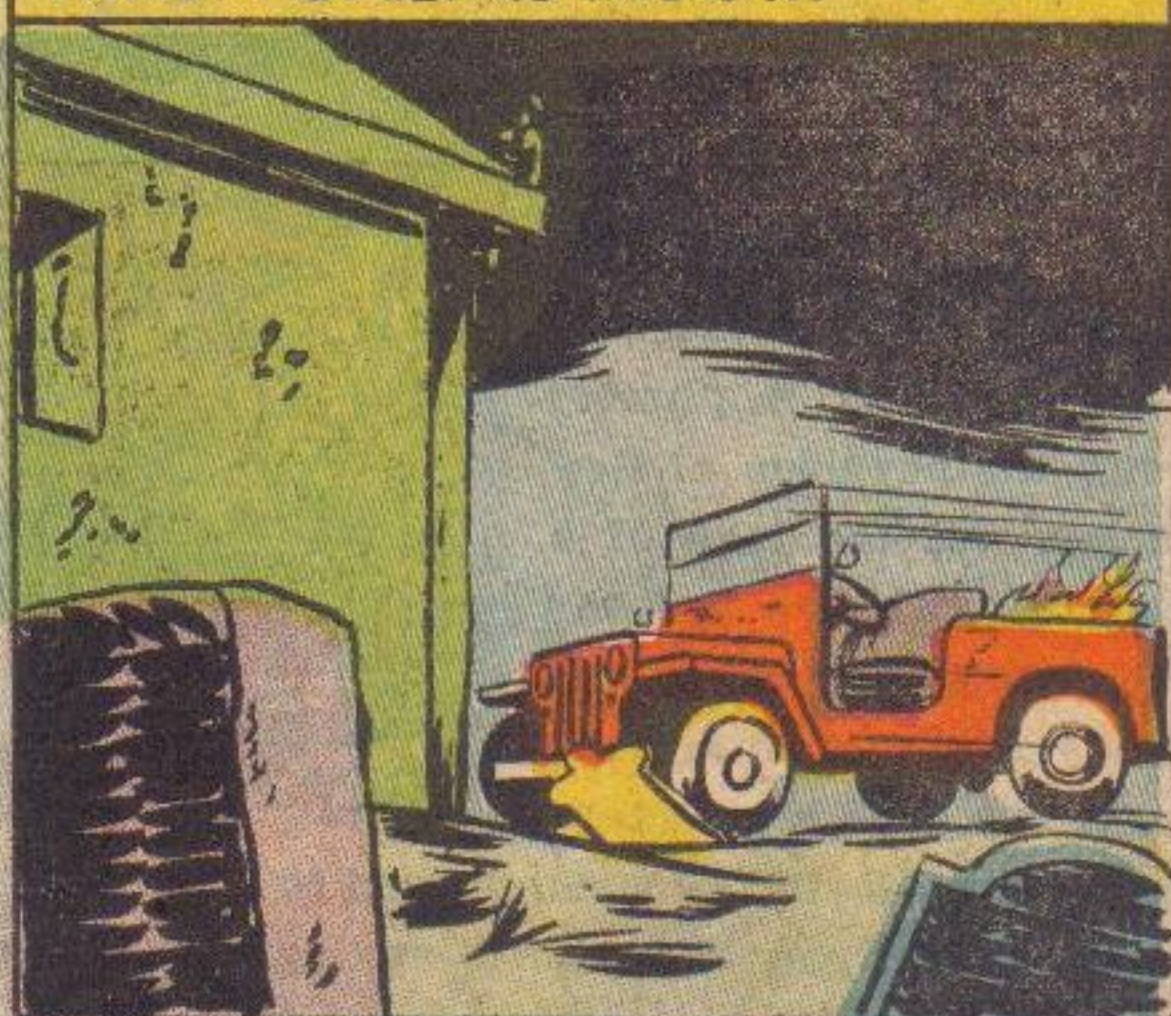


NOT KNOWING THAT HE IS DOING JUST WHAT LARKIN IS HOPING FOR, THE GIANT STUMBLES INTO THE TOMB!

LIGHT EVERY FIRE BOMB! GET OUT OF THE JEEP, ANGELA... I'M GOING TO GIVE HIM EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT!



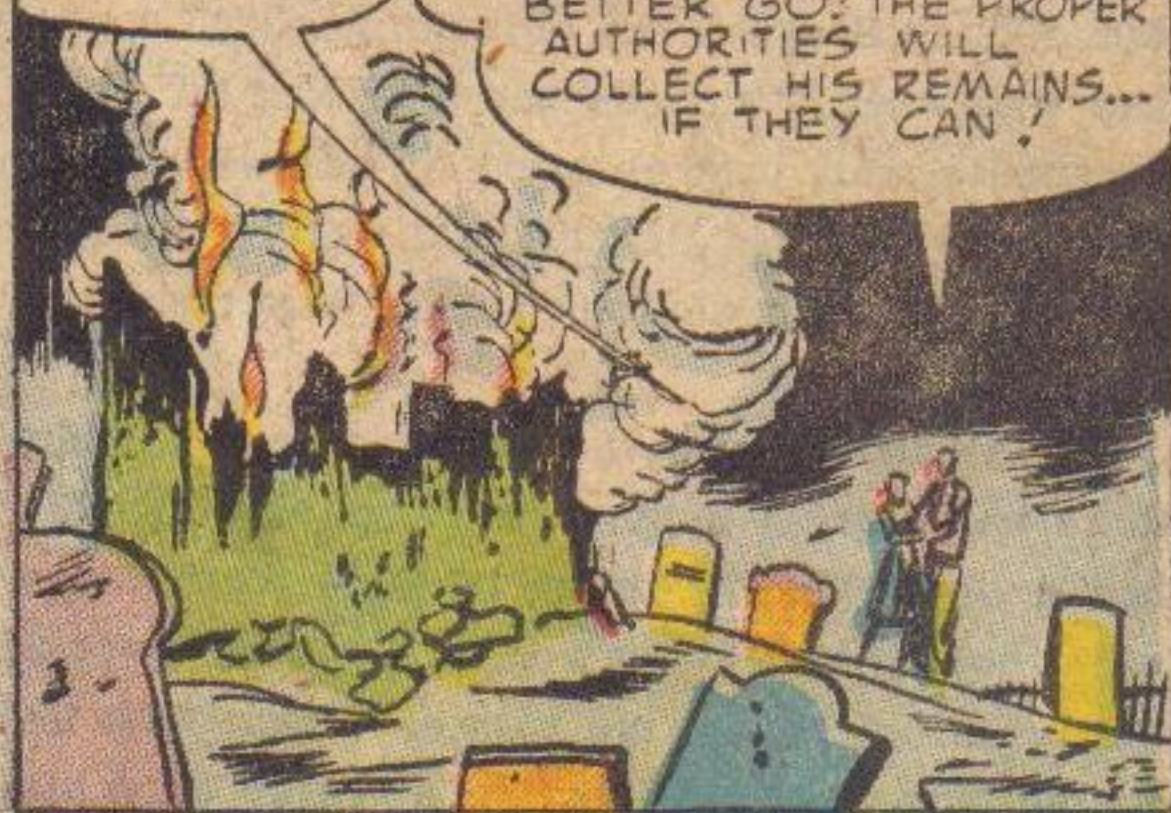
HEADING THE JEEP AT THE TOMB, LARKIN SENDS IT SPEEDING AHEAD...



THE FLAMES LEAP AND DANCE, AND WHEN THEY HAVE DIED THEY LEAVE ONLY A BROKEN BLACKENED RUIN...

AREN'T YOU GOING TO... LOOK, JEFF?

NO! NOTHING COULD SURVIVE THAT! NOTHING! THE MONSTER IS DEAD! WE HAD JUST BETTER GO! THE PROPER AUTHORITIES WILL COLLECT HIS REMAINS... IF THEY CAN!



THEN, ONLY SILENCE REMAINS! BUT LARKIN IS WRONG! THE RAGING FLAMES ARE GONE... BUT SOMETHING STIRS...



A NIGHTMARE STAGGERS TO ITS FEET AND ONLY ITS EYES ARE ALIVE IN A SCORCHED HIDEOUS FACE!



The END

THE MONSTER'S WOUND WILL HEAL... BUT HE WILL NOT FORGET! SOMEDAY THE RACE OF MEN WILL PAY FOR THIS NIGHT'S WORK! IN PAIN... IN DESTRUCTION... IN DEATH...

Lorelei

YOU could hardly blame Abel Boggett for leading a double life. In the daytime he was a plumber with the physique of Hercules, but the face of a gargoyle. His low forehead unruly thatch of black hair and yellow protruding teeth gave him such a grotesque



appearance that silly mothers used to scare their children into good behavior by saying, "Mr. Boggett'll getcha if you don't watch out."

Boggett lived in a little town by the sea where everybody knew everybody else. And this made it all the harder. In a big city he could have lost himself in the crowd and found a lot to distract him. But in Seaview the only social life he ever had was when somebody had a broken pipe or a clogged sewer, or a cesspool overflowed. Then everybody sent for Boggett, who worked cheaper and quicker than anybody else who knew the business.

But Boggett loved the sea and in his heart there was a great longing for companionship. He had a secret desire to be cherished and loved which nobody in Seaview would have ever dreamed was possible in that big hulk of a body with its coarse face. And his loneliness preyed upon his mind.

Small wonder, then, that whenever the weather permitted and the shadows of night fell on the little seacoast town, Boggett would take supper in his tin box and steal out to the big rock north of town where the surf crashed against the wreck of an old ship that lay between the shore and the seal rocks a few yards away.

After he had eaten his fill and had drunk a thermos bottle full of hot coffee, he would pull a harmonica from a pocket in his leather wind-breaker, and play a mournful tune.

One night when he was gazing out to sea, the wind brought him the unmistakable sound of music. He shook his head in disbelief, but when the sound persisted, he got to his feet and, with

his hands over his eyes, peered through the moonlit spray at the seal rocks that lay beyond the wrecked ship. He rubbed his eyes because he could hardly believe what he saw.

A beautiful woman with long golden hair that fell over her shoulders was playing a harp and about her in a circle there danced a group of seals. Boggett moved closer and cupped his hand behind his ear to hear the music that rippled from the harp.

It was the same tune he had been playing on his harmonica. If that wasn't an invitation to join the merrymaking then what was? He thrust his head forward to see better and the next instant he was ready to swear that the beautiful maiden had crooked her finger at him in a beckoning gesture.

Boggett was a powerful swimmer. He threw off his shoes and plunged into the surf. Everytime his head rose above the waves he heard that beautiful harp music and that made him swim faster. Soon he had passed the old hulk of the ship and was eating up the few remaining yards to the seal rocks with his powerful overhand stroke.

Funny, the closer he got to the rocks the fainter the music became. Soon he reached the rocks. There were the seals all right. They were startled and jumped into the water. He climbed ashore, eager to clasp in his arms this beautiful maiden, the only woman in his whole life who had played music for him and who had beckoned him to come closer.

But where was she? He looked all around. And suddenly he saw in the eerie moonlight what looked like the body of a mermaid disappearing under the wreck of the old ship. Of course, of course, the shy maiden didn't want to make love out in the open. She probably made her home under the waves in the old ship.

Without a moment's hesitation Boggett plunged into the sea and dove under the old ship. And he never came to the surface again. It might have been seaweed that brushed against his face, and it might have been the long golden hair of a mermaid. Who knows?



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Now, for the **FIRST TIME**—You can have the **BRAND NEW ALL-TIME HITS** and **POPULAR RECORDINGS**—18 **NEWEST** All-Time Hits, favorites in all—for the **AMAZING, unbelievable LOW PRICE** of only \$2.98. That's right, 18 **TOP SELECTIONS** that if bought separately would cost up to \$16.02 in stores, on separate records—**YOURS** by mail for only \$2.98! **YES**, you can now get 18 **HIT PARADE** songs—the **LATEST, the NEWEST** nation-wide **POPULAR TUNES**—or 18 of the most **POPULAR HILL BILLY** tunes—some of these tunes are not yet sold by stores—or you get almost a whole complete album of your most wanted **HYMNS**. These are tunes you have always wanted. They will give you hours of pleasure. You can choose from **THREE DIFFERENT GROUPS**—on newest, most sensational **BREAK-RESISTANT** records! These amazing records are **6-IN-1** records—6 songs to a record! They are brand new and play three times as many songs as regular records, and they play on regular 78 R.P.M. speed and fit all Type 78 R.P.M. standard phonograph and record players. These are all perfect, **BREAK-RESISTANT, Vinylite** records free from defects. **RUSH YOUR ORDER** for your favorite group **NOW!** **ORDER ALL THREE GROUPS** and **SAVE** even **MORE MONEY**, only \$2.98 per group.

SUPPLY LIMITED. That's why we urge you to fill in and mail coupon now! Play these 18 selections ordered, use the **NEW GIFT** surface saving needle, for 10 days at home. If you are not delighted, if you don't feel these are the **BEST SOUNDING** records for the price, return within 10 days for **FULL REFUND**. Don't delay, send \$2.98 in cash or money order, or put three one dollar bills in the mail with this coupon and **SAVE POSTAGE—DON'T DELAY, MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

FREE!

If you **RUSH YOUR ORDER NOW** you get at **NO EXTRA COST** whatever a **SURFACE SAVING NEEDLE!** **ORDER 18 Hit Parade Tunes or 18 Hill Billy Hits or 18 Most Loved Hymns or ORDER ALL THREE SETS FOR only \$7.98.** But, **SUPPLY IS LIMITED!** so order at once. **SEND COUPON TODAY.** Order now on Money-Back Guarantee.

18 HIT PARADE TUNES

Please, Mr. Sun
Bernade
Wheel Of Fortune
Tiger Rag
It's No Sin
Blacksmith Blues
Hambone
Slow Poke
Tall We Why?
Blue Tango



Cry
Perfidia
The Little White
Cloud That Cried
Charmaine
Anytime
Jealousy
Shrimp Boats
Be My Life's
Companion

18 HILL BILLY HITS

It Is No Secret
May The Good Lord
Bless And Keep You
Silver And Gold
Give Me More, More, More
Music Makin' Mama
From Memphis
Baby, We're Really In
Love
Wondering
Hey, Good Lookin'



Bundle Of Southern
Sunshine
Always Late
Cryin' Heart Blues
Alabama Jubilee
Somebody's Been
Stealin' My Time
Slow Poke
Let Old Mother Nature
Have Her Way
Crazy Heart
Mom And Dad's
Waltz

18 MOST LOVED HYMNS

The Lord's Prayer
Greatest, Christian
Soldiers
What A Friend We
Have In Jesus
Church In The
Wilderness
In The Garden
Path Of Our
Fathers
There Is Power In
The Blood
Leaning On The
Everlasting Arm
Since Jesus Came
Into My Heart



Trust Ye Me
Jesus Keep Me Near
The Cross
Sally And Tenderly
Dear Lord And Father
Of Mankind
A Mighty Fortress
Is Our God
Just A Closer Walk
With Thee
It Is No Secret
What God Can Do
When The Good Lord
Bless And Keep
You

IMPORTANT NOTICE!
These songs are **CONSTANTLY** kept up to date—only the newest tunes are kept on the list.

MAIL COUPON NOW—10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

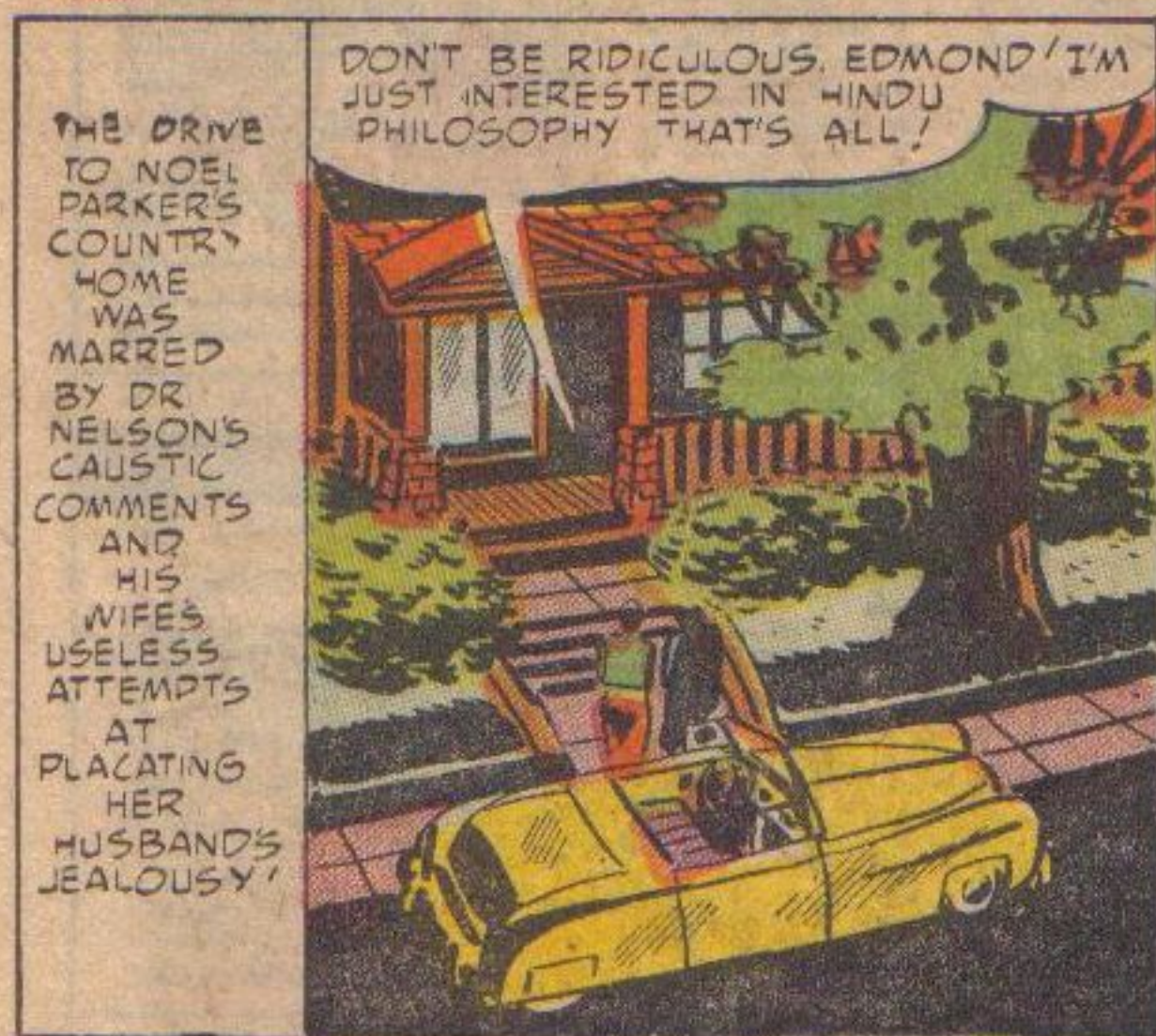
HIT TUNES COMPANY, Dept. 168
318 Market Street, Newark, New Jersey

Gentlemen: Please **RUSH** the 18 Top Selections along with the **GIFT SURFACE SAVING NEEDLE** on your **NO-RISK 10 Day Money Back Guarantee.** I enclose \$2.98 for each group of 18 selections with the understanding that if I am not completely satisfied you will return my money.

☐ 18 Hit Parade Tunes\$2.98
☐ 18 Hill Billy Hits\$2.98
☐ All Three Groups, 54 songs\$7.98

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY ZONE STATE

RETRIBUTION



LATER THAT NIGHT, NOEL PARKER ENTERTAINED HIS GUESTS BY PLACING ANNE IN A HYPNOTIC TRANCE ..





OH, I FEEL WONDERFUL! SO AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD, SO RELAXED!

COME, ANNE! IT'S LATE! WE MUST GO HOME!

BUT ANNE AND NOEL PARKER DANCED UNTIL THE EARLY HOURS OF DAWN!

THIS SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES, DOESN'T IT, ANNE?

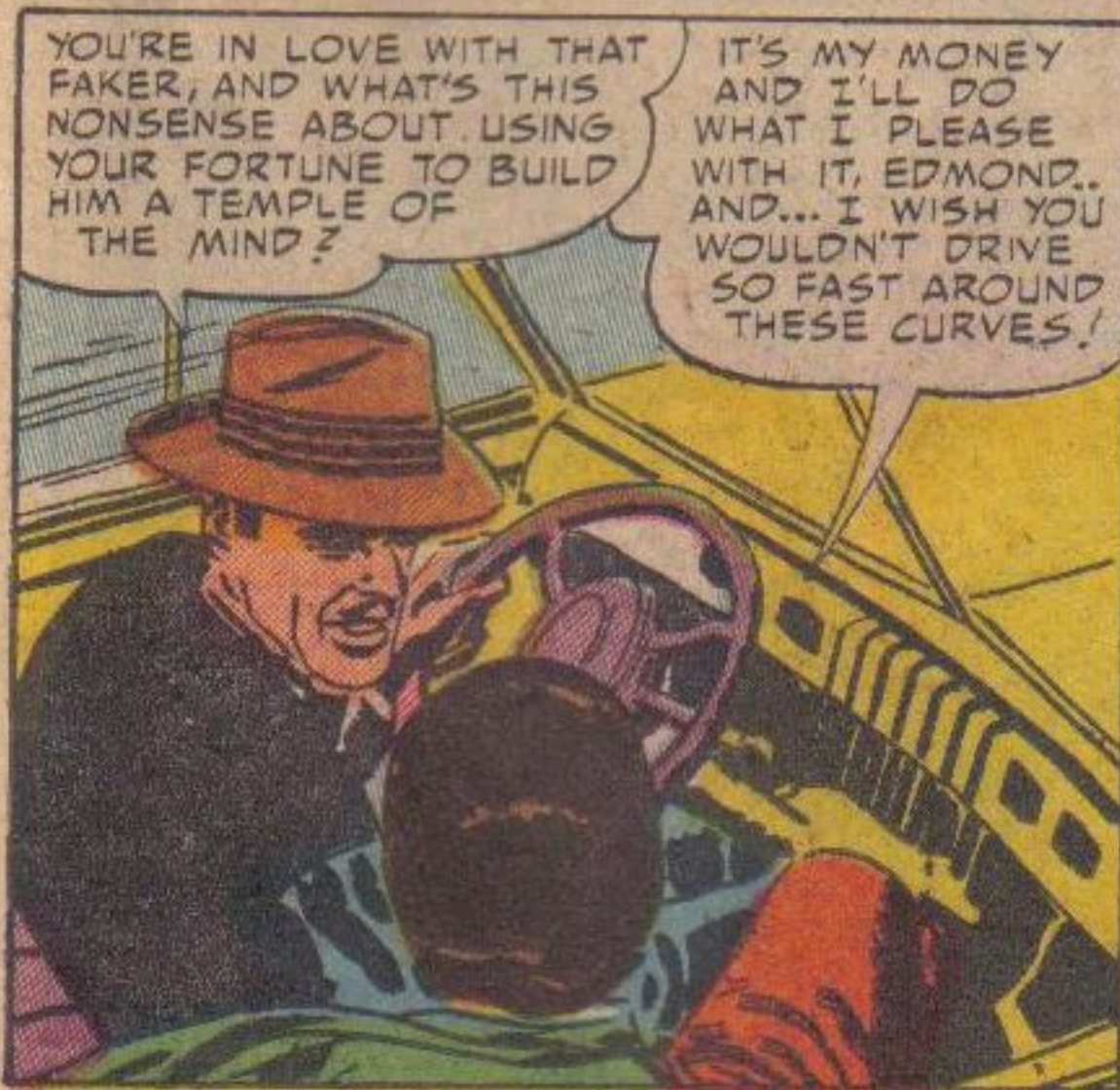
YES, NOEL! I MADE A BIG MISTAKE, BUT I'LL TRY TO MAKE AMENDS!



FINALLY THE DOCTOR AND HIS WIFE DEPARTED...

ANNE, YOUR BEHAVIOR WITH NOEL PARKER WAS DISGRACEFUL! YOU DANCED ALMOST EVERY DANCE WITH HIM!

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE BEEN SO HAPPY, EDMOND!



YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH THAT FAKER, AND WHAT'S THIS NONSENSE ABOUT USING YOUR FORTUNE TO BUILD HIM A TEMPLE OF THE MIND?

IT'S MY MONEY AND I'LL DO WHAT I PLEASE WITH IT, EDMOND.. AND... I WISH YOU WOULDN'T DRIVE SO FAST AROUND THESE CURVES!



SINCE YOU DON'T LIKE THE WAY I DRIVE, YOU MAY TAKE THE WHEEL! GOOD-BYE, ANNE!

EDMOND, WAIT! YOU... YOU... **HELP! HELP!**



SORRY, ANNE BUT I COULDN'T STAND BY WHILE YOU CHANGED YOUR WILL TO FAVOR NOEL PARKER! NOW EVERY CENT WILL BE MINE **MINE!**

RASH!



UPON HIS ARRIVAL HOME THAT DAWN, DR. NELSON, IMMEDIATELY REPORTED THE 'ACCIDENT' TO THE POLICE!

IT... IT WAS HORRIBLE! BUT SOMETHING SNAPPED AND I LOST... CONTROL OF THE CAR!

THEY'LL NEVER SUSPECT!

THAT NIGHT, GRIEF-STRICKEN NOEL PARKER WALKED ALONE IN HIS GARDEN!

NOEL, NOEL MY DARLING, I'VE COME BACK TO YOU!

ANNE, ANNE, I KNEW YOU'D COME! I'VE BEEN SENDING MENTAL VIBRATIONS TO YOU ALL NIGHT!



HE MURDERED ME, NOEL! EDMOND MURDERED ME TO KEEP ME FROM CHANGING MY WILL! HE HEADED THE CAR FOR THE CLIFF AND JUMPED BEFORE I COULD...

SLEEP IN PEACE, ANNE! I'LL HAUNT EDMOND NELSON UNTIL HE CONFESSES HIS CRIME!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, ANNE NELSON WAS LAID TO REST...

SOB! SOB!

YOU MURDERED ANNE, YOU LYING HYPOCRITE! WHY DON'T YOU CONFESS?



AFTER A RESPECTABLE PERIOD OF TIME HAD ELAPSED, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY ASKED DR. NELSON TO COME TO SEE HIM! BUT AFTER A FEW ROUTINE QUESTIONS...

THERE WILL BE NO COMPLAINTS FILED AGAINST YOU, DR. NELSON! IT WAS OBVIOUSLY NOTHING MORE THAN A TRAGIC ACCIDENT! YOU MAY GO!



THAT NIGHT AT THE EXCLUSIVE CITY CLUB!

AH, DR. NELSON! MAY I OFFER MY SINCERE CONDOLENCES ON YOUR TRAGIC LOSS!

THANK YOU SIR, YOU ARE VERY KIND!



A MOMENT LATER NELSON'S CASUAL MANNER LEAVES HIM...

YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE AT THE CITY CLUB? WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE, PARKER?

I'M YOUR CONSCIENCE, DR. NELSON! WILL NEVER LEAVE YOU ALONE!



LATER THAT SAME NIGHT...

GO AWAY, GO AWAY! LET ME SLEEP! LET ME SLEEP!





WHY DO YOU HAUNT ME, ANNE? WHAT GOOD CAN IT DO? WHAT'S DONE IS DONE. YOU'LL DRIVE ME OUT OF MY MIND.

I WISH I COULD HELP YOU, EDMOND, BUT I CAN'T. IT'S YOUR CONSCIENCE THAT HAUNTS YOU. WHY DON'T YOU CONFESS.



DESPERATE TO DISTRACT HIS MIND, DR. NELSON WENT TO THE OPERA.

THERE'S A GOOD SEAT, SIR, RIGHT NEXT, TO THAT GENTLEMAN.

THANK YOU!



YAH-H-H—HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS HERE? CAN'T YOU STOP HAUNTING ME, PARKER?



LET ME OUT OF HERE. LEAVE ME ALONE, PARKER. LEAVE ME ALONE.

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE, NELSON! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE!



POOR DEVIL, HE LEFT IN SUCH A HURRY HE FORGOT HIS HAT. I'LL FOLLOW AND RETURN IT TO HIM.



THE HAUNTED NELSON SOUGHT REFUGE IN A PUBLIC PARK

AH, THERE YOU ARE, DR. NELSON. YOU LEFT IN SUCH A HURRY THAT YOU FORGOT YOUR HAT.

OH, HOW I WISH I COULD FORGET EVERYTHING!

THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN FORGET IS TO COME WITH ME TO LOVERS LEAP WHERE ANNE MET HER DEATH, AND BEG HER FORGIVENESS!

I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY, PARKER! ANYTHING, IF YOU'LL JUST QUIT STARING AT ME AND LET ME GET SOME SLEEP!



AT LOVERS LEAP, NOEL PARKER CAST A SPELL OVER DR. NELSON THEN SET FIRE TO SOME GREEN POWDER...

GREEN WAS ANNE'S FAVORITE COLOR, DR. NELSON, REMEMBER? SHE SHOULD COME TO US NOW!

ANNE, ANNE, WHERE ARE YOU? IT'S EDMOND CALLING!



AH, THERE YOU ARE, ANNE, AT LAST! TAKE PITY ON ME, ANNE! I CAN'T EAT OR SLEEP! I'M LOSING MY MIND!

YOU TOOK A LIFE, EDMOND! SO YOU MUST PAY WITH A LIFE!



ANNE'S SUGGESTION THAT NELSON FORFEIT HIS LIFE, BROKE HIS SPELL...

A LIFE FOR A LIFE ANNE SAYS! WELL, WHY NOT PARKER'S LIFE INSTEAD OF MINE? THEN HE WON'T BE ABLE TO HAUNT ME ANY MORE!

STAND ASIDE, DARLING, QUICK! EDMOND IS ABOUT TO PUSH YOU OVER THE CLIFF! OH, THAT EVIL MAN!



IT'S YOUR TURN TO DIE PARKER! WHAT THE... YAA-A-HH!



POOR HAUNTED MAN! EDMOND IS AT REST NOW! HE'LL SLEEP.

HE HAD TO LEARN THE HARD WAY THAT THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH!



The END

KILL THESE HAIR-DESTROYING GERMS

STAPHYLOCOCCUS
ALBUS

MOROCOCCUS

PIETROSPORUM
OVACE

WITH WARD'S FORMULA

MICROBACILLUS

NOTHING, Absolutely nothing
known to Science can do more to

SAVE YOUR HAIR

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but *all four* types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

ENJOY THESE 5 BENEFITS IMMEDIATELY

1. Kills these 4 types of germs that retard normal hair growth—on contact
2. Removes ugly infectious dandruff—fast
3. Brings hair-nourishing blood to scalp—quickly
4. Stops annoying scalp itch and burn—instantly
5. Starts wonderful self-massaging action—within 3 seconds

Once you're bald, that's it, friends! There's nothing you can do. Your hair is gone forever. So are your chances of getting it back. But Ward's Formula, used as directed, keeps your sick scalp free of itchy dandruff, seborrhea, and stops the hair loss they cause. Almost at once your hair looks thicker, more attractive and alive.

We don't ask you to believe us. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have proved what we say. Read their grateful letters. Study the guarantee—it's better than a free trial! Then try Ward's Formula at our risk. Use it for only 10 short days. You must enjoy *all* the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK**. You be the judge! Ward Laboratories, Inc., 1430 Broadway New York 18, N. Y.

TO SAVE YOUR HAIR ACT NOW

Send coupon today for 10-day offer. Send No Money

ACT TODAY or YOU MAY BE TOO LATE!

Ward Laboratories, Inc.,
1430 Broadway, Dept. 7711W, New York 18, N.Y.

Rush Ward's Formula to me at once. I will pay postman two dollars plus postage. I must be completely satisfied within 10 days, or you GUARANTEE refund of **DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK** upon return of bottle and unused portion.

Name
Address
City Zone State

☐ Check here if you enclose \$2.00 with order, and we will pay postage. Same refund offer holds, of course.

APO FPO Canada & Foreign add 50¢, no CODs

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

SCALP ITCH

FALLING
HAIR

DANDRUFF

HEAD
ODORS

Proof!

We get letters like these every day from grateful men and women all over the world

I must admit I didn't have much faith in it, but I hadn't been using Ward's one week before I could see it was helping me. I could feel my hair getting thicker.

E. K., Cleveland, Ohio

Out of all the Hair Experts I went to, I've gotten the most help from one bottle of Ward's Formula.

C. La M., Philadelphia, Pa.

After using Ward's for only 12 days, my hair has stopped falling out.

R. W. C., Cicero, Ill.

I am tickled to death with the results. In just two weeks' time—no dandruff! W. T. W., Portola, Cal.

I feel encouraged to say that the infuriating scalp itch which has bothered me for 5 years is now gone.

J. M. K., Columbus, Ohio

Guarantee

This written guarantee entitles you not only to return of price paid for Ward's Formula, but **Double Your Money Back** unless you actually SEE, FEEL and ENJOY all benefits herein claimed in only ten days. The test is at our risk. All you do is return unused portion or the empty bottle unless completely satisfied.

SEAL

Ward Laboratories, Inc.

Death Pit

I don't know how it happened. I used to be able to pick 'em. "Sure-shot Sardell", they called me in Hollywood. But not any more. Three box office flops in a row, and I was that loathsome object, a jobless director whose magic touch spelled poison.



You can go up like a rocket in Hollywood. That's what happened to me after I directed "The Lost Planet." It grossed over a million. I didn't have to cool my heels in the front offices of producers in those days. They hunted me up. But after I started skidding, the big shots never even recognized me in Ciro's, or the Mocombo.

It seemed to me like I owed money to everybody in town. So I stayed in bed all day and walked the streets at night. One night under a full moon, eerie enough for witches astride broomsticks, I found myself in the neighborhood of the La Brea Asphalt Pits. This is the freak of nature, whose depths have yielded the skeletons of beasts like mastodons and sabre-toothed tigers, fossils trapped thousands of years ago in the sticky mess and sucked under to their death as I, another fossil, was being sucked under now by a fate whose alias was "failure".

My feet felt drawn to this place, as if by some irresistible magnet. I entered the enclosure, which occupied a large city block, upon which the glass-eyed windows of many apartment houses and business buildings shone in the soft moonlight. I strolled around the winding paths of this city park and shivered in the after-sundown-chill of the Los Angeles night; paths embroidered with the deep shadows thrown by the silver fingered moon from the trees and bushes around.

Suddenly, I stopped in my tracks by what sounded like the whining voice of an old man. I tiptoed forward toward some tall bushes. There I saw a sight that wrung my heart. A bareheaded old man was on his knees before an iron bench. His face was pale as death, and a cold and cruel wind was making sport of his thin gray hair. His hands were clasped in what looked like supplication and prayer to a redheaded goddess in a

mink coat who sat as cold as a white statue on the iron bench before him.

The beautiful creature could not have been over thirty. She was dressed in white beneath her luxurious fur coat, and piled in coiled abundance on top of her head, which was poised like a serpent about to strike, was this sunset glory of the woman's hair.

"Not for her, not for her," I thought. "The symbol of the sunset is for him." And involuntarily I looked about for some movie director and his cameraman who might be silently preserving on film this rare spectacle of Beauty and Senility.

However, the only clue to reality was the whining voice of the old man. "But, Helen, my darling, have pity. I gave you everything I had. Furs, diamonds, Cadillacs. I'm old and poor and almost blind. Don't cast me off, now. Don't do it."

He groped for Helen's hand, but she pulled it away from him. And the inscrutable smile of Mona Lisa froze on the perfection of her lips. Then she rose and the old man in a panic groped for the iron bench and pulled himself to his feet, crying, "Helen, Helen, don't leave me! Don't you dare to leave me."

And then I saw her take his arm and I heard her say, "Come, Farley, come!" And may I stop breathing this minute if she didn't guide that poor, stumbling, blind old man along the bank of a nearby asphalt pool until he fell in. He sank to his hips, to his chin, to where his agonizing cries were muffled in black bubbles of pitch, to where his thin gray hair was matted on the surface of the pool like a weed.

And she stood there and watched him die and never lifted a hand. And neither did I.

I'm in the chips again. Helen digs up all the money I need for failure after failure in grade B movies. But my conscience torments me so, I can't sleep. Helen can't act. The woman has an ice cube for a heart. But her price is that I must make her my leading lady in every picture I direct. She always writes the checks when I threaten to go to the police with my story of what I saw one night at the La Brea Asphalt Pits. But one of these days I'm going to go to the police. I feel it in my bones.

EVERY ROMANCE HAS PITFALLS. AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT, HEARTBREAK. SAVE YOURSELF LOTS OF TRAGEDY. DON'T BE A FAUX PAS. FOR winning strategy, read **HOW TO GET ALONG WITH GIRLS** or **HOW TO GET ALONG WITH BOYS**. Put psychology to work—no more clumsy mistakes for you with these amazing handbooks!



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LOVE
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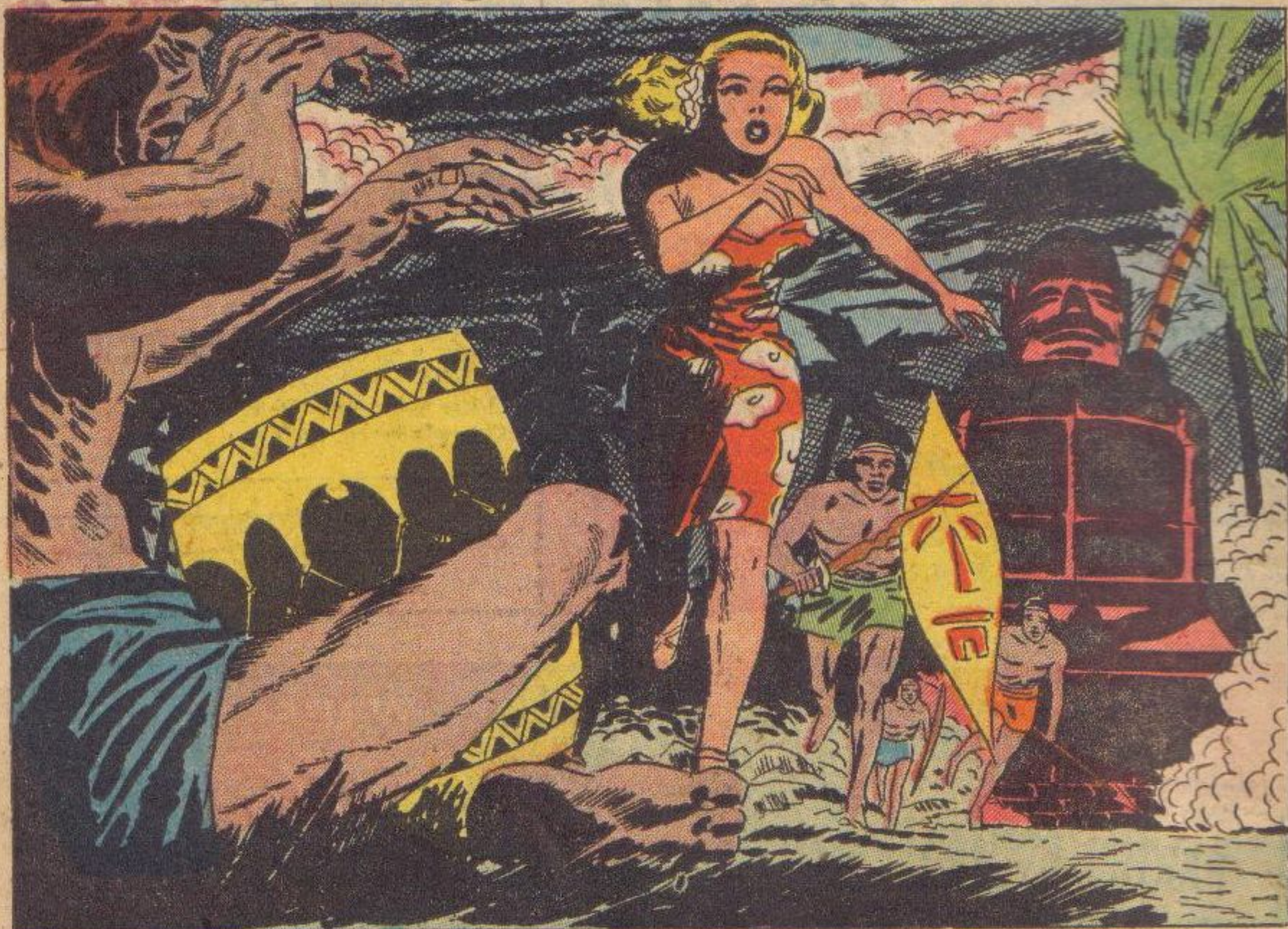
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Beautiful Marcia Martin never dreamed when she jumped from her husband's crippled airplane over Haiti that down below a hideous fate awaited her in the DANCE OF DEATH to the ominous beat of

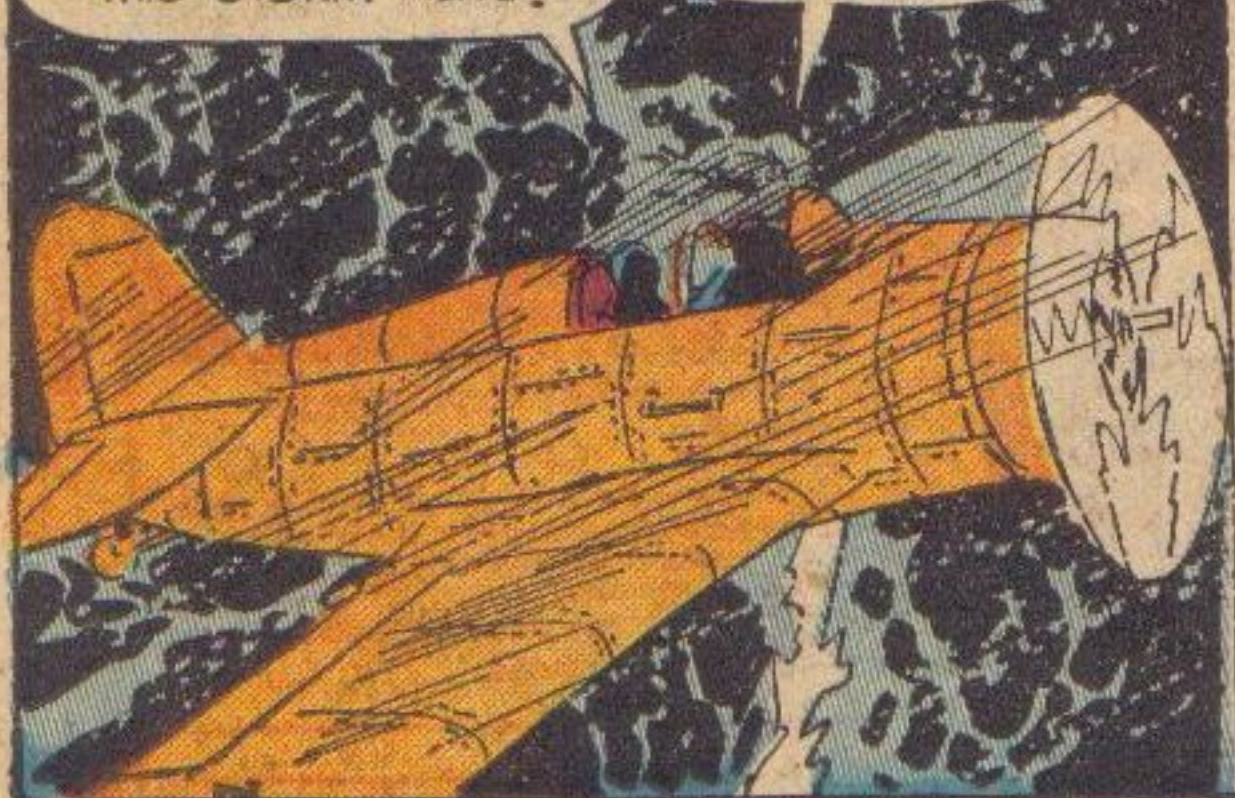
DRUMS *of* VOOODOO



STEVE MARTIN AND HIS WIFE MARCIA, FLYING BACK TO THE STATES, RUN INTO A TROPICAL STORM OVER THE CARIBBEAN SEA!

STEVE, DO YOU THINK WE'LL EVER GET OUT OF THIS STORM ALIVE?

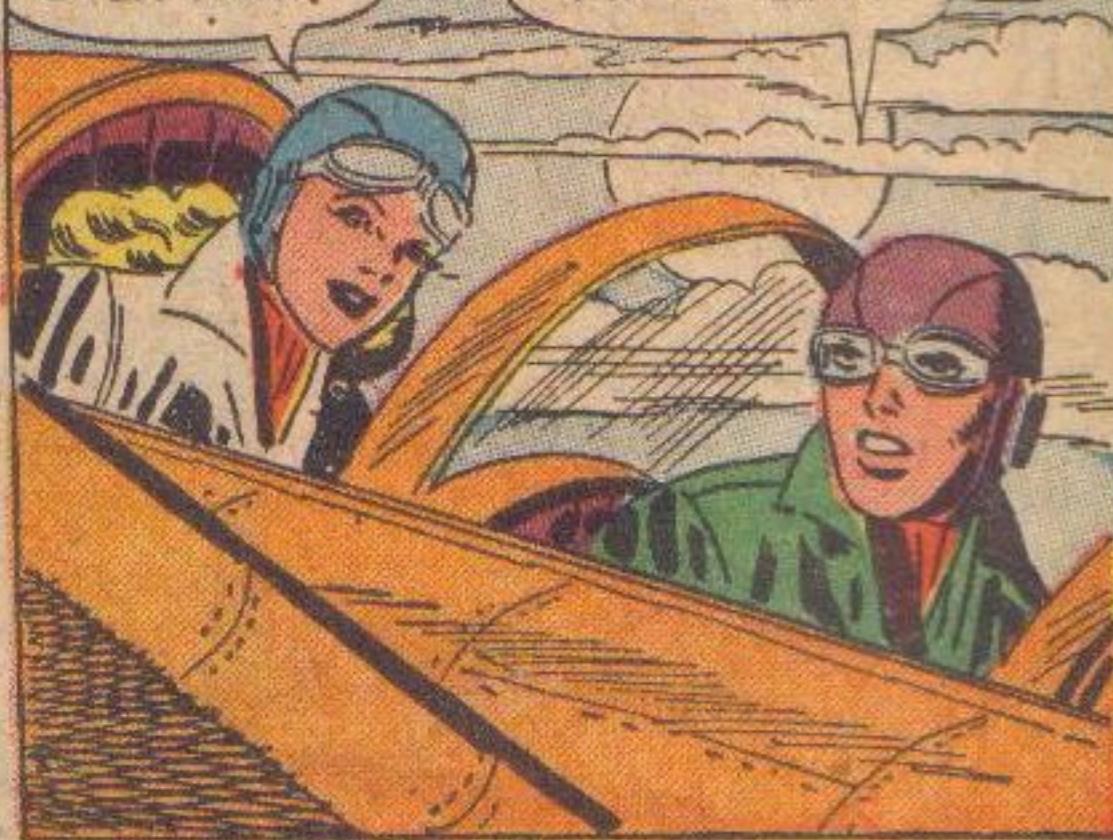
OUR ONLY CHANCE, MARCIA, IS TO HEAD FOR HAITI!



AN HOUR LATER...

STEVE, YOU'RE A MARVELOUS PILOT. WE'RE RIGHT OVER HAITI!

YEAH, BUT NOW WE GOT WORSE TROUBLE. MY LANDING GEAR IS LOCKED. THE STORM MUST HAVE TWISTED SOMETHING OUT OF LINE.





THEN LET'S
HEAD BACK
FOR THE
MAINLAND,
STEVE!

I CAN'T GO BACK
INTO THAT STORM,
HONEY! PUT ON
YOUR PARACHUTE
AND GET READY
TO BAIL OUT!



I DON'T
WANT TO
LEAVE YOU,
STEVE!

DON'T ARGUE! GO
AHEAD AND JUMP!
IF I HAVE TO MAKE
A CRASH LANDING,
IT'S BETTER I DO
IT ALONE!



JUMP... COUNT
TEN AND PULL
THE RIP CORD!
SEE YOU SOON,
MARCIA!

BYE, DARLING!
AS SOON AS
I LAND I'LL
MAKE A FIRE
SO YOU CAN
FIND ME!

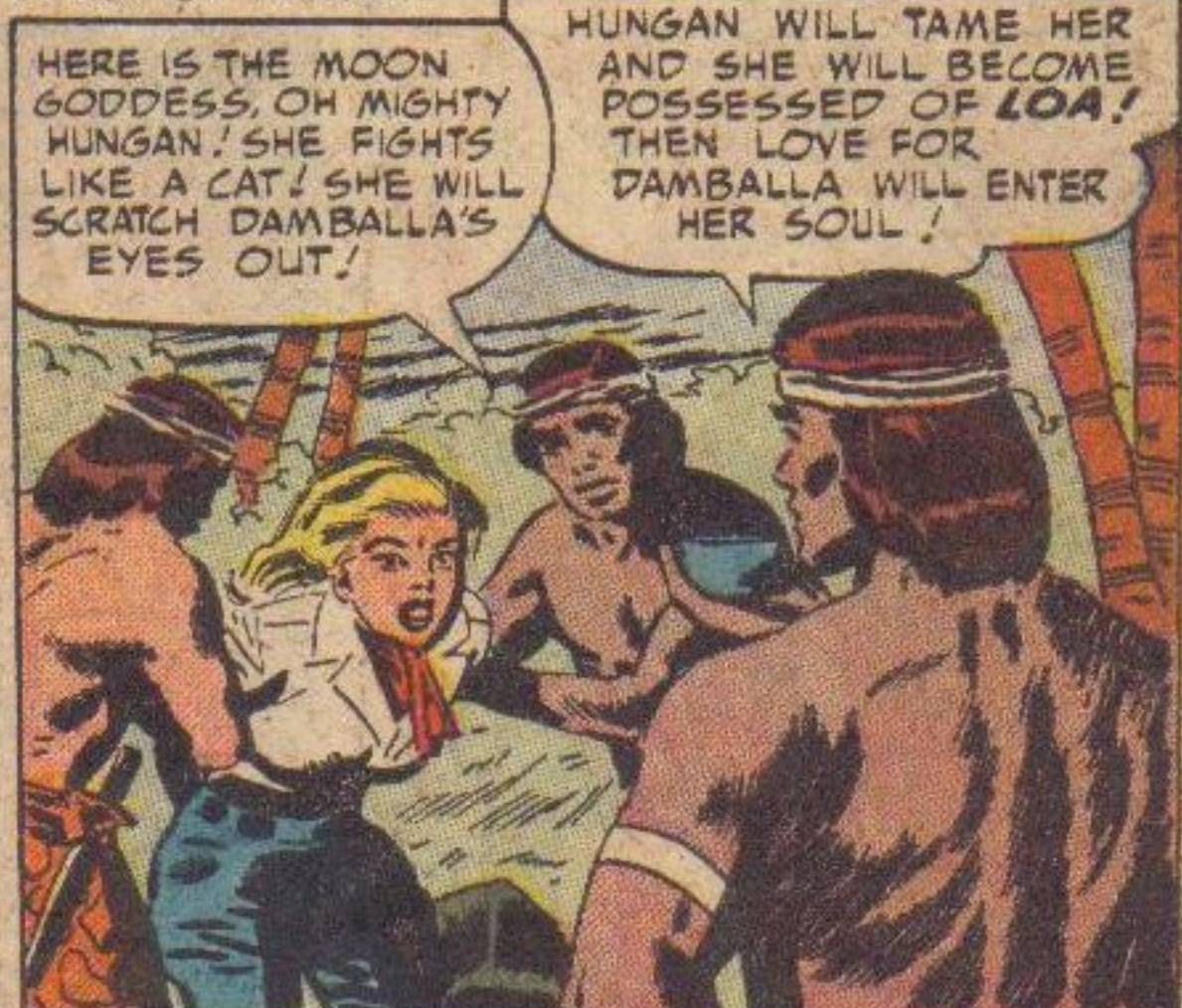


SHANGO-AGO-E!
BEHOLD, OUR PRAYERS
ARE ANSWERED!
HERE IS A YOUNG
WIFE FOR
DAMBALLA!

SHE IS DRESSED
IN BLUE AND
WHITE LIKE AIDA
WEDO, THE DEAD
DAMBALLA, THE
RAIN GOD!

GO
AWAY!
HELP,
HELP!
STEVE!
STEVE!

MARCIA WAS DRAGGED BEFORE HUNGAN, THE MIGHTY PRIEST OF MAGIC!



HERE IS THE MOON
GODDESS, OH MIGHTY
HUNGAN! SHE FIGHTS
LIKE A CAT! SHE WILL
SCRATCH DAMBALLA'S
EYES OUT!

HUNGAN WILL TAME HER
AND SHE WILL BECOME
POSSESSED OF LOA!
THEN LOVE FOR
DAMBALLA WILL ENTER
HER SOUL!

IN THE CULT OF VODOO, A PERSON BECOMES **POSSESSED** OF LOA OR A CERTAIN SPIRIT BY BEING WHIRLED ABOUT UNTIL DIZZY!



THE MOON GODDESS
IS NOW POSSESSED
OF LOA! DRESS HER
IN THE VESTMENTS
FOR THE ALTAR OF
DAMBALLA!

IT SHALL BE
AS YOU SAY,
OH MIGHTY
HUNGAN!

OH-H-H!
STEVE,
STEVE!

MEANWHILE, DOWN IN THE VALLEY, STEVE LANDED HIS PLANE SAFELY ON THE TALL MATTED GRASS OF A SAVANNA.

MARCIA, MARCIA!



LATER IN THE HAITIAN VILLAGE...

I SAID NOW YOU

WHA-AT? WHAT DID YOU SAY?

MUST DANCE WITH ME THE DANCE OF DEATH BEFORE WE APPROACH THE ALTAR OF DAMBALLA.



SHANGO! SHANGO! SHANGO!



THE SACRIFICIAL ALTAR OF DAMBALLA...



MAP TUE OU JODEA! MAP TUE OU JODEA POUR DAMBALLA!

WHAT DID HE SAY? WHAT DID HE SAY?

HE SAY IT IS THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN BECOME WIFE OF DAMBALLA! HE KILL YOU TO-DAY FOR DAMBALLA, THE RAIN GOD!



NO, NO. I'M ALREADY MARRIED. ALL OF YOU MUST BE CRAZY, LET ME GO, LET ME GO!



STEVE, STEVE... HELP... HEL-L-P!

CATCH HER, CATCH HER, IF SHE GET AWAY DAMBALLA WILL NEVER SEND RAIN FOR OUR CROPS!





STEVE... STEVE!



MARCIA... MARCIA. I'M COMING, MARCIA



OH, STEVE, STEVE! WHAT KEPT YOU SO LONG? SAVE ME, STEVE, SAVE ME!



YAH-H-H! THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME, STEVE, A SACRIFICE TO DAMBALLA, THEIR RAIN GOD!

DON'T WORRY, DARLING. WE'LL GET OUT OF THIS SOMEHOW!

BRING BOTH BACK TO DAMBALLA, BUILD A FIRE!



COME, MOON GODDESS, BE PURIFIED IN FIRE BEFORE RAIN GOD, DAMBALLA, TAKE YOU AS HIS WIFE. COME!



REALIZING THAT HE MUST ACT NOW OR NEVER SAVE MARCIA, STEVE, WITH A SUPERHUMAN EFFORT FLUNG OFF ONE OF HIS CAPTORS.

BE CALM, HONEY. I JUST THOUGHT OF A PLAN THAT MAY SAVE US.



UG-G-H!

IF I CAN ONLY BREAK AWAY FOR A FEW SECONDS I CAN PUT MY PLAN INTO ACTION!

HIS HANDS FREE, STEVE PULLED A FLASHLIGHT OUT OF HIS POCKET!



DON'T RUN, MARCIA! IT LOOKS LIKE MY SCHEME IS GOING TO WORK!



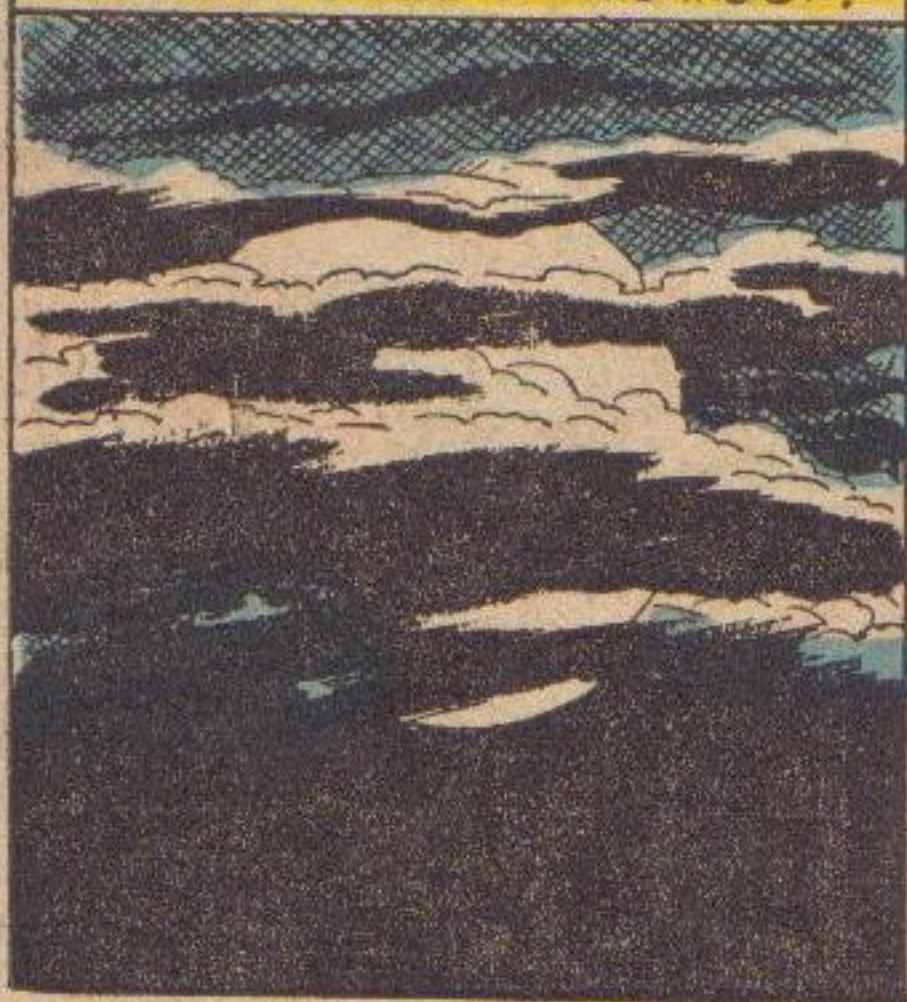
OH, WHAT MAGIC IS THIS? BRIGHT SUN SHINES IN MOONLIGHT, AND BLINDS HUNGAN!

UMM! HOW DID YOU GET THIS SUN-STICK?

IT IS A GIFT TO ME FROM THE SUN GOD!

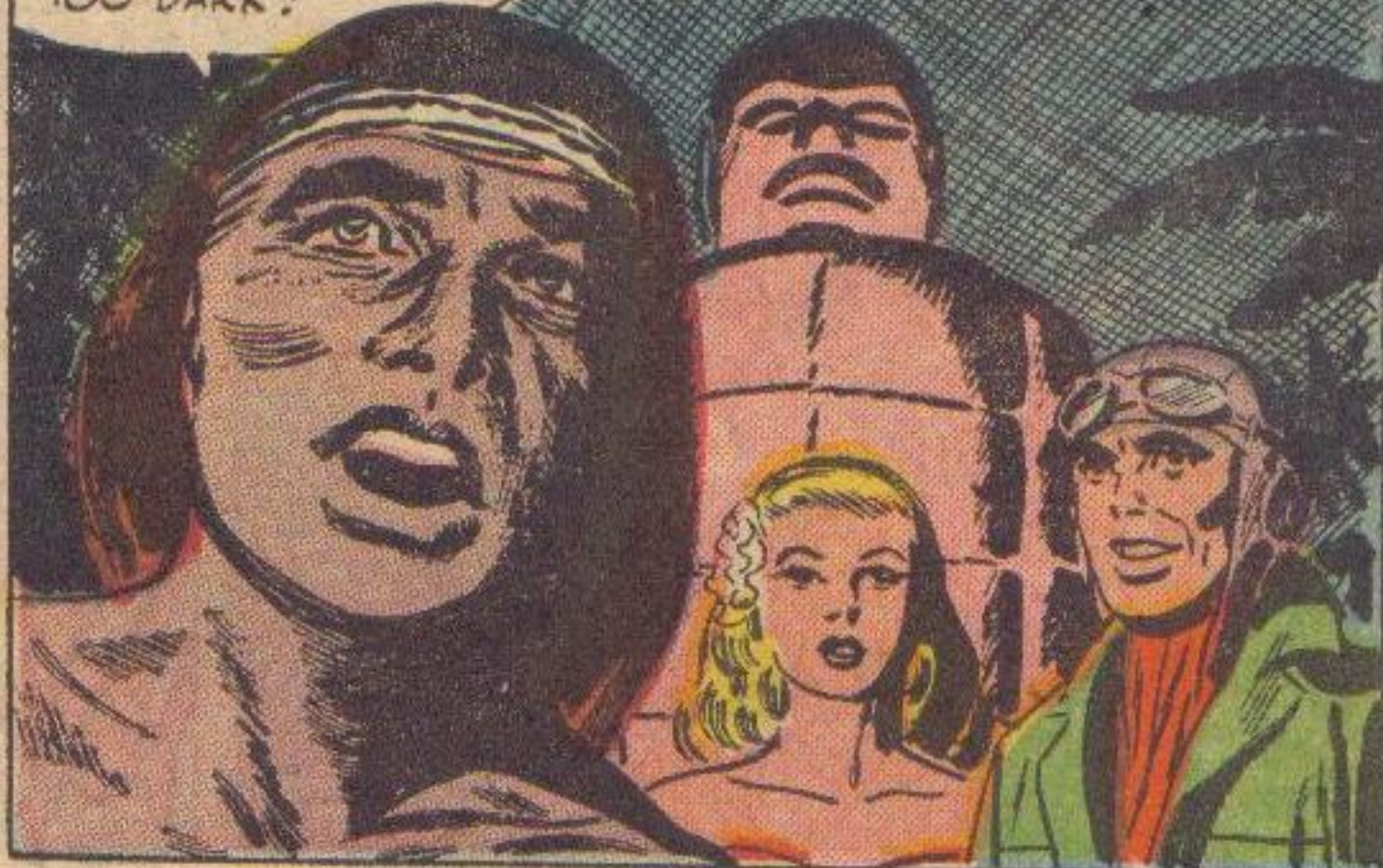


LUCKILY, THE NEXT MOMENT A CLOUD COVERED THE FACE OF THE MOON!



WHEN THE CLOUD COVERED THE MOON, HUNGAN THOUGHT THAT DAMBALLA WAS ANGRY!

SHANGO, ME SCARED! TOO DARK!



OH, SUN-STICK VERY POWERFUL! MAKE MOON REHAVE! HOW HUNGAN GET SUN-STICK? HUNGAN MUST HAVE!

I WILL GIVE HUNGAN THIS SUN-STICK IF HE WILL COME WITH ME TO VISIT DAMBALLA IN CLOUD OVER MOON!

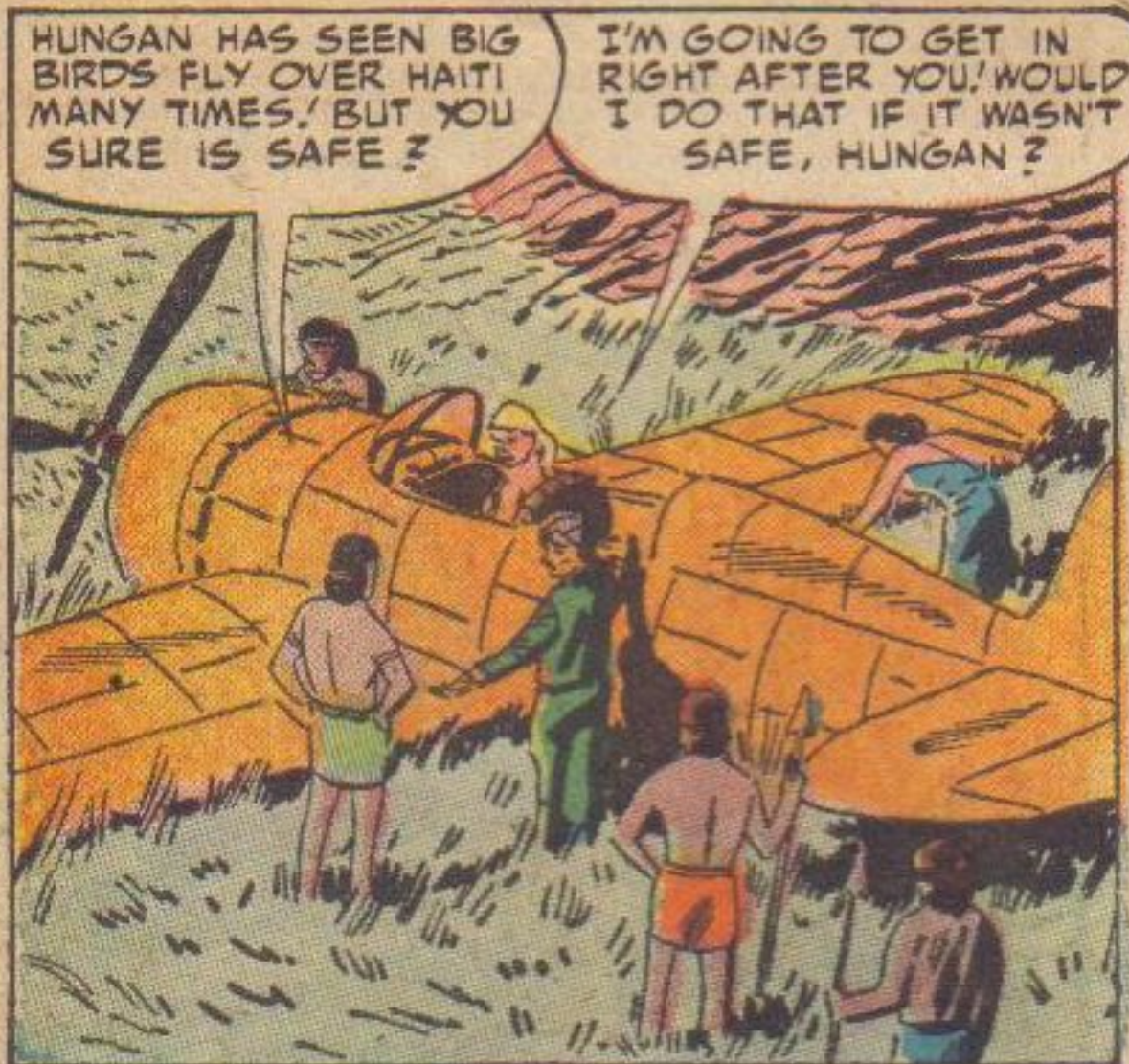


STEVE PERSUADED HUNGAN THAT THE ONLY WAY TO GET DAMBALLA TO BRING RAIN WAS TO TAKE MARCIA TO DAMBALLA!

HOW YOU GOING TO TAKE ME AND MOON GODDESS TO VISIT DAMBALLA HIGH UP IN SKY? IS NOT POSSIBLE! AND IF YOU LIE, YOU DIE!

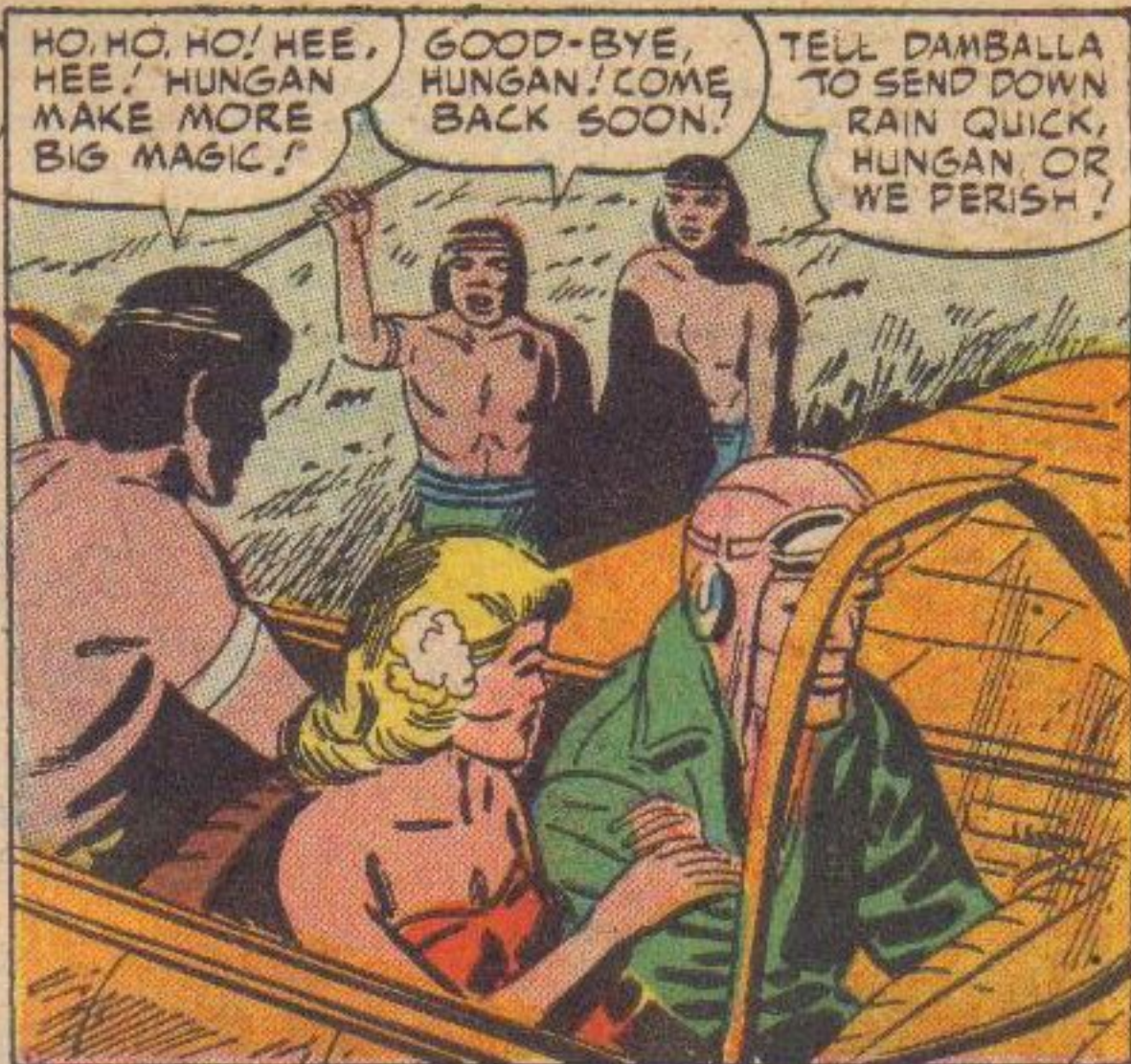
COME WITH ME AND I WILL SHOW YOU A BIG BIRD IN VALLEY THAT WILL TAKE HUNGAN AND MOON GODDESS HIGH OVER THE CLOUD THAT COVERS THE FACE OF THE MOON! IN CLOUD IS DAMBALLA!





HUNGAN HAS SEEN BIG BIRDS FLY OVER HAITI MANY TIMES! BUT YOU SURE IS SAFE?

I'M GOING TO GET IN RIGHT AFTER YOU! WOULD I DO THAT IF IT WASN'T SAFE, HUNGAN?



HO, HO, HO! HEE, HEE! HUNGAN MAKE MORE BIG MAGIC!

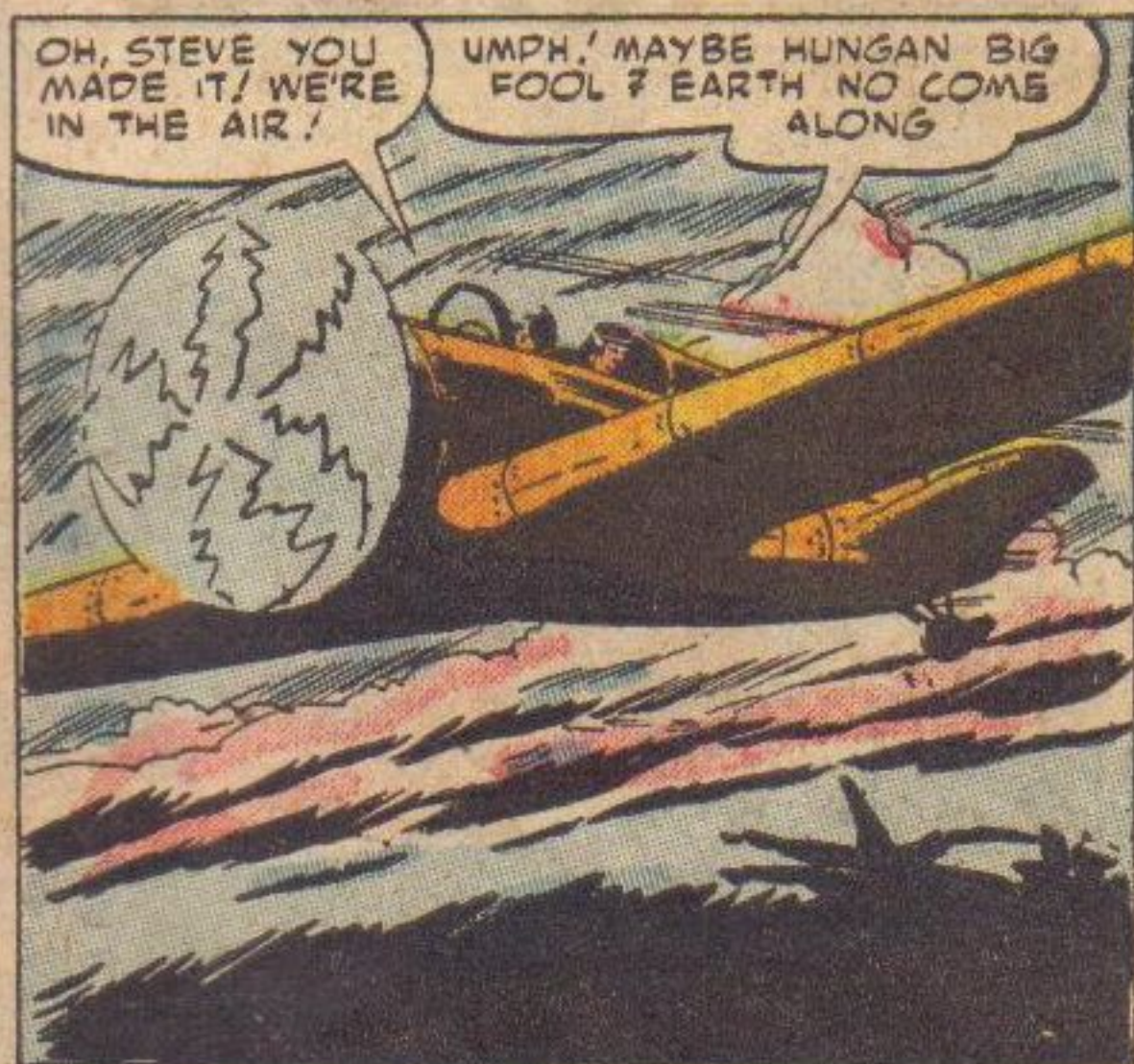
GOOD-BYE, HUNGAN! COME BACK SOON!

TELL DAMBALLA TO SEND DOWN RAIN QUICK, HUNGAN, OR WE PERISH!



BUT, STEVE, HOW WILL WE GET OUR PLANE INTO THE AIR WHEN WE HAVE NO WHEELS FOR A RUN?

WE'RE HEADED FOR THE SLOPE DOWN TO THE SEA, MARCIA! AND THIS LONG, MATTED SAVANNA GRASS MAKES A SLICK RUNWAY!



OH, STEVE YOU MADE IT! WE'RE IN THE AIR!

UMPH! MAYBE HUNGAN BIG FOOL? EARTH NO COME ALONG



HUNGAN FEELS RAIN, BUT NO SEE DAMBALLA! STOP!

THE RAIN IS DAMBALLA! THAT'S ALL YOU CAN SEE HUNGAN!



BUT RAIN IS ON SEA, NOT ON THIRSTY LAND. HUNGAN SAY STOP SO CAN GIVE MOON GODDESS TO DAMBALLA AND TALK TO HIM!

HE'S CRAZY ENOUGH, STEVE, TO KILL US ALL

SLIP ME THAT BIG MONKEY WRENCH ON THE FLOOR, QUICK, MARCIA!

AS HUNGAN BENT DOWN TO PICK UP MARCIA, STEVE KNOCKED HIM COLD WITH THE HEAVY WRENCH.

YOU STOP BIG BIRD LIKE HUNGAN SAY SO HE CAN GIVE NEW YOUNG WIFE TO DAMBALLA... OW-W-W!

SORRY, HUNGAN, BUT THAT ISN'T THE WAY IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN.



MARCIA TOOK OVER THE CONTROLS WHILE STEVE FASTENED HIS PARACHUTE ON THE GROGGY HUNGAN.

HEAD BACK, MARCIA, OVER THE VOODOO VILLAGE SO I CAN PARACHUTE HIM **DOWN** TO HIS BELOVED FLOCK.

ROGER, BOSS.



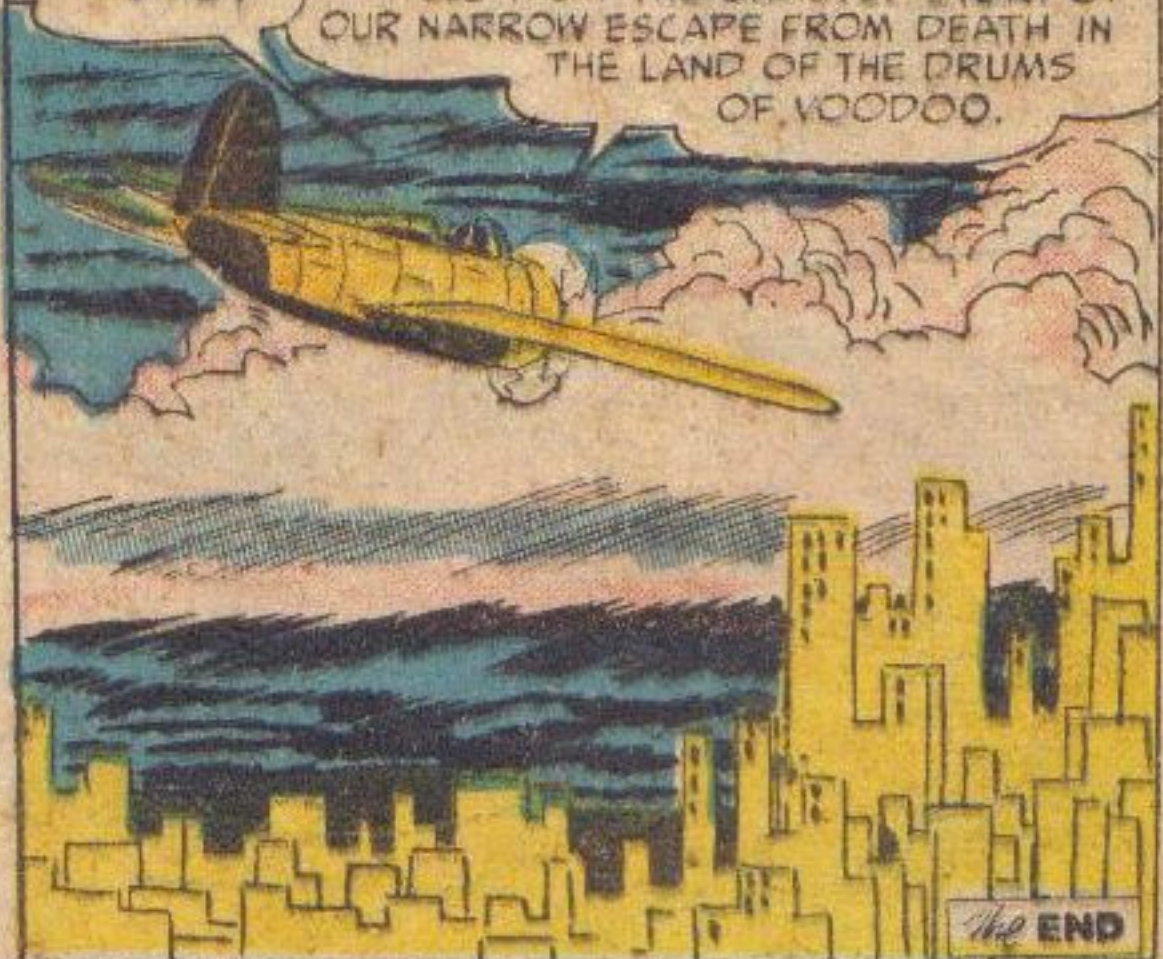
DID THE PARACHUTE OPEN, STEVE?

YEAH, AND HE'S KICKING LIKE A STEER... NOW MOVE OVER, HONEY, AND I'LL FLY US TO HOME IF WE DON'T RUN INTO ANOTHER STORM.



WELL, MRS. MARTIN, IT'S DAWN AND WE'RE ALMOST HOME.

YOU KNOW SOMETHING, STEVE? I BET NOBODY IS GOING TO BELIEVE US WHEN WE TELL THEM THE GHASTLY STORY OF OUR NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH IN THE LAND OF THE DRUMS OF VOODOO.



the END

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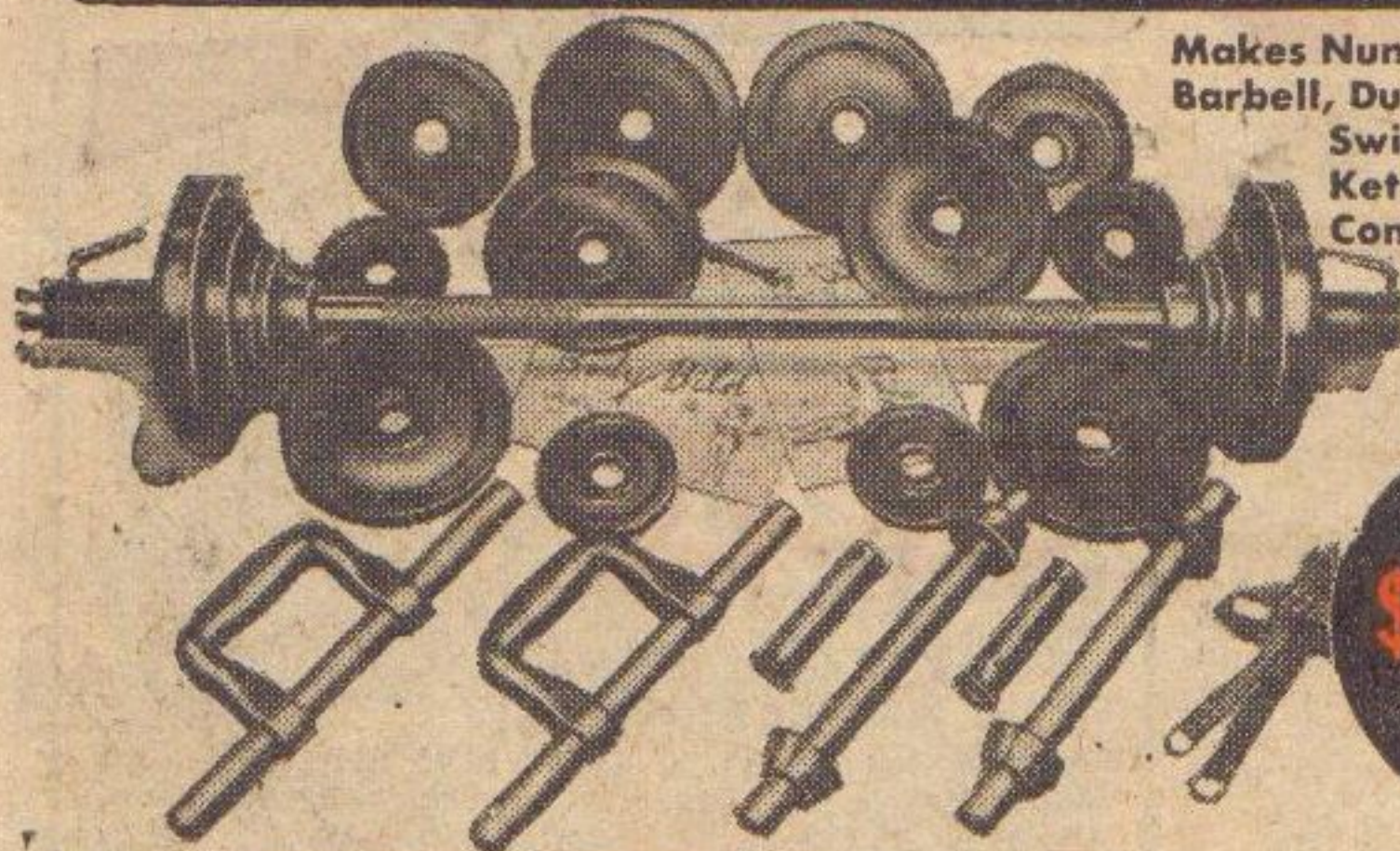
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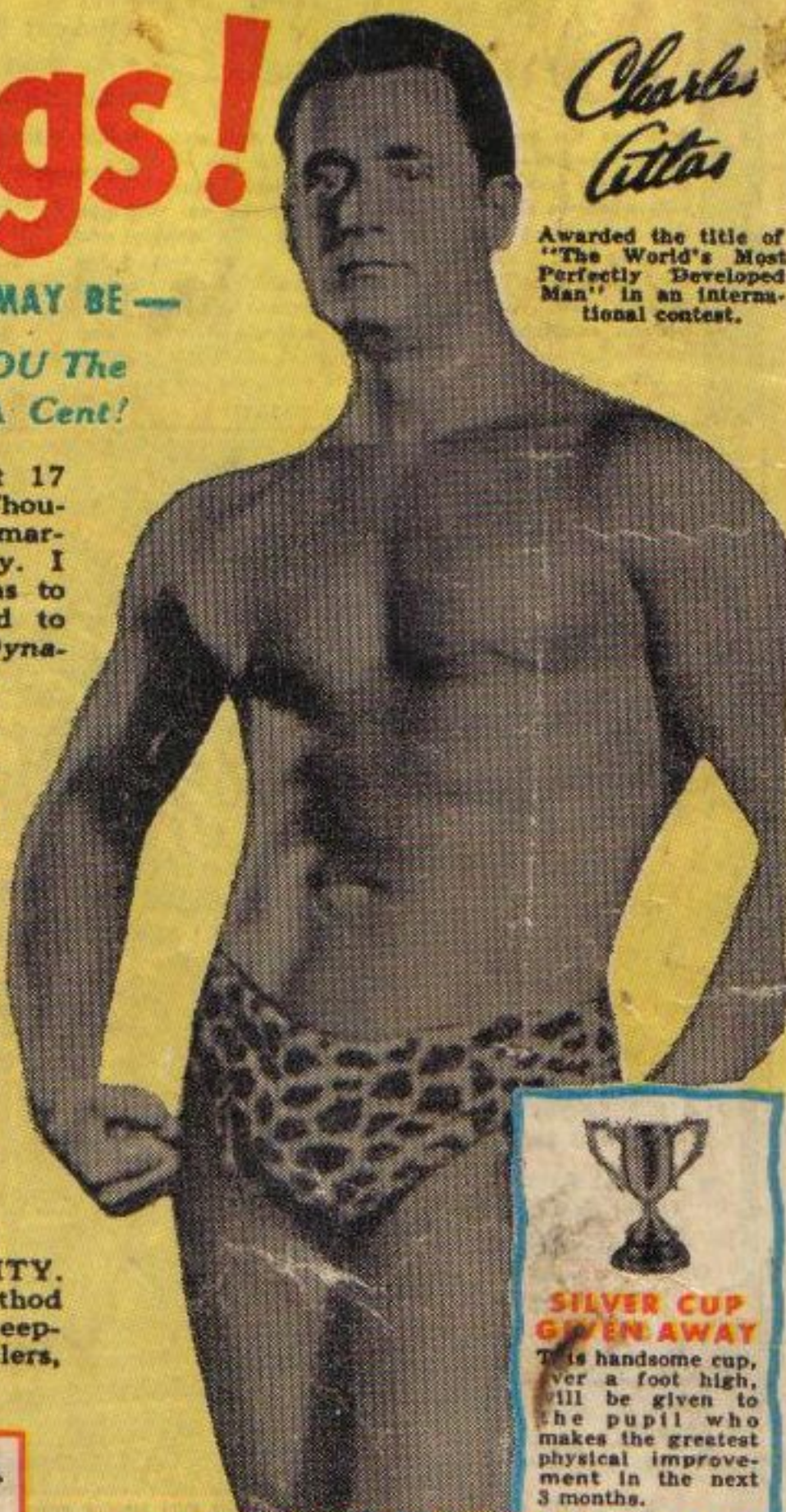
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